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Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Welcome Back.

INSCRIBED TO M. H. K——, Esq.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

Yes, thou art welcome back again to those who love thee well,
To those whose prayers have compassed thee as with a magic spell.
Whose wishes have been blent with all the dreams of future fame,
That clusters in a halo bright, around that cherished name
And scatter'd o'er thy onward track through all thy wanderings
Where sunny thoughts, that memory brought as native offerings,
Some token of the happy past to treasure in that store,
That friendship gathers from the wave that lashes Lethe's shore

And we have missed thee from the place, so eloquent of hours
That caught their fairest tints from thee, as rose buds do from showers
That shrine where pleasant memories were nestled in their birth,
And garnished with their fairy rays the dullest scenes of earth

From scenes where mirth and gladness reign'd the spirit of the throng,
We've miss'd thee in the merry dance, and in the mirthful song;
We've lacked the cadence of that voice, so fraught with tones of glee,
And turned amid that festive scene to nurse the thoughts of thee

And she has miss'd thee on whose cheek the roses bloom no more,
Whose smile as er warbles forth in glee as oft it did in yore.
Why comes he not? was often asked with all a sister's love,
Who yearned with gushing tenderness a brother's care to prove

Why comes he not? that note was breathed 'till hope became a fear,
And mingled with the anxious wish was many a truant tear.
And kindly ones whose sympathies were on the absent cast,
Would think of him as of a dream that's blended with the past.

But thou hast come; with eye less bright and tread less firm than when
Thou wander'd forth to join the crowd of busy heartless men,
But still thou 'rt welcome back again to those who love thee well,
To those whose prayers have compassed thee as with a magic spell.

Philada. 1841.

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Catching a Beau.

A Domestic Tale.

BY SKETCHER.

"Dear me, Mary! What shall I do!" said Julia Harrington to her step-sister, as she finished reading a note which the servant had put into her hands a moment before. "Here is a note from father, saying that Mr. Kenton, who has lately arrived from Europe, will visit us this evening. What shall I do!"

"Do! Why receive him as your father's acquaintance should be received—with cordiality and frankness," said Mary Lee.

"Certainly—that I shall endeavor to do, for he is too good a match to be sent away by frowns. But that was not what I meant, Mary. What shall I do for dress? I cannot appear before him in any but the latest fashion, and my new gown will not be done until to-morrow."

"Why can you not wear your fawn colored silk, or your white one?" asked Mary, "Neither of them are so old fashioned, and I am sure you look well in anything."

"What! appear before *him* in such dresses! Why you must be crazy, Sis. Recollect he is directly from London, and has no doubt seen the very latest style. Wouldn't I cut a figure then in his eyes in a fashion that has been worn the five months *here!*"

"I am sure if he is a man of sense, as I have often heard your father say, dress will be but a secondary object in his eyes. Only let him manage to get a peep at your face, Sis, and I warrant me he will never think of looking at anything else."

"Pshaw! How you talk, Mary," said the proud beauty, glancing in an opposite mirror, and evidently not displeased with the allusion to her charms, "But that is neither here nor there. I must have my new dress this evening, but how to get it is the point."

"I will obviate the difficulty, Julia. You know both our dresses were to be done at the same time, but if you must have yours to-night, why I will wait for mine until next day."

"Thank'ee, Sis, thank'ee. I will go immediately and send a note to Madame Giroud." And she left the room.

Julia Harrington, and Mary Lee were as different in character as they were in person. The former, without being overbearing, was haughty. A devoted member of the world of fashion, her weaknesses lay in her pride of dress, and the undisguised contempt in which she held all kinds of household accomplishments. To have appeared in anything that was not in the very latest, and the most extreme fashion, or to have been seen engaged in any such useful, or as she termed them, vulgar employments, as sewing or cooking, would have been, she used to say, the death of her. She was above meddling in such concerns; besides, why need she bother her head about them, her gold could always command good servants. She forgot that example is contagious—that good servants must have a good mistress. The captain of a vessel must be competent to command, or he is at the mercy of his own crew. So it is with the mistress of a household, unfit for her task, she becomes in reality a servant of servants. Bad ones take advantage of her ignorance; good ones cease to obey her orders, satisfied that their knowledge is superior to her own. But Julia Harrington thought not of these things. To be the reigning belle, to dress magnificently, to be the greatest in the fashionable world, and ultimately to obtain eclat by marrying a man of princely wealth, were the all important things that occupied her mind; though as to the means of making that husband's home happy, she never thought. As to her appearance, she was indeed a master-piece of nature's handiwork. In truth she was made to dazzle by the beauty of her person, if not by that of her mind. She was rather above the middle height, with a form approaching almost to *en bon point*, and whose every movement was full of the most pliant gracefulness. Her features were of the most regular order, clear, bold, and finely cut: her eyes dark as the raven's plume, and full, large, and languishing: her forehead broad and high; and her skin, though of a slight olive tinge, so clear that one could almost see the blood as it mantled over her cheeks.

Mary Lee was a different being. She was rather, if anything, below the middle height. Her form, though not so very delicate, was beautifully proportioned: her waist being not of childish ... but such an one as could be clasped without fear of snapping asunder. Her features were not exactly regular, yet they were pleasing; her forehead white as driven snow, over which her chesnut hair was parted with Quaker-like simplicity; her cheeks as fresh, and blooming as the opening rose; her eye-brows delicately arched, and her eyes of dark hazel hue, whose happy, sparkling expression diffused itself over her whole countenance. Without affectation or forwardness, she was gay and sparkling in company, and self was entirely forgotten in her desire to please others. Unlike Julia, she was not afraid of domestic employments, in fact it was to her superintendence (both their mothers being dead) that her step-father's house owed its comfort and happiness; and that step-father loved her none the less for the interest she took therein. Then, too, her needle was her constant companion when at home, and how much more bewitching did she look whilst thus employed! They may talk of women in the ball room, at the rout, or on the promenade, but she never appears to so much advantage as when plying that bright little implement of industry, and usefulness—the needle; or engaged in some domestic employment. Yes! the domestic circle is woman's "empire. There she reigns "the bright particular star." There she is indeed a woman.

In regard to dress, Mary Lee also differed from her step-sister. Simple in her taste, her attire was neat and becoming, as woman's ever should be. Would that all the gentler sex knew wherein their power lies. They may dress gaudily, and as they think bewitchingly, to catch a beau, as the saying is: but will gilded beauty ever catch a man of sense? Oh, no! It is a mistaken thought. Every man it may be said, loves to look upon a pretty woman richly dressed; but there is a vast difference between richness, and gaudiness. It is not always the brightest colors that make the richest flower. But to our story.

When Mr. Harrington came home that evening to tea, he brought with him Mr. Kenton. He had known him from his childhood up, and he had known his father before him, for he had been his dearest friend, and therefore he had no hesitation in introducing him at once to the inner sanctuary of his home—the family circle. Julia and Mary, were already in the parlor. The former arrayed in the new dress—which the mantua maker by dint of great exertion had finished—and decked off in the most approved fashionable style; the latter attired simply, and without ornament, in a plain dress of white muslin, that rivalled in purity the snowiness of her complexion.

"Julia, Mr. Kenton," said Mr. Harrington, upon entering the parlor with his guest. "Miss Lee, Mr. Kenton."

The usual forms were gone through with, and the party seated themselves in conversation.

Mr. Kenton was a fine looking man, apparently about five-and-twenty. He was not what might be called a "tall gentleman," but he was rather above the middle height, with a form well shaped, and a face strongly marked with intelligence, and embrowned by travel and exposure in foreign climes. He was frank and cordial in his manners, and he glided into conversation with that gentlemanly ease which throws such an engaging charm around its possessor. He was no fop. No hairy excrescence sat upon his upper lip, or wreathed his well turned chin; no glass dangled from his vest; no rings sparkled on his fingers; and he was simply apparelled in a plain suit of black.

Sometime after the gentlemen had arrived, supper was announced, and they adjourned thereto.—Mr. Harrington leading Mary, and Mr. Kenton, Julia. It was evident, from the time the latter gentleman had entered the parlor, that the unsurpassing beauty of Julia had made no light impression upon him, just as an elaborately finished picture commands the admiration of a beholder at first sight, and rivets his enchanted gaze, until brought into comparison with one more perfect, though perhaps less dazzling. His eyes had scarcely wandered an instant from her face; there seemed a spell upon him. Mary's prediction seemed fulfilled, for it was almost true that he could see nothing else. In conversation, though his answers to Mary were strictly polite, and affable, yet those to her sister were made in tones that made the proud beauty think she was in a very fair way to catch the wealthy Mr. Kenton. At all events she had made a good start—the race, however was not yet won. This she was perfectly aware of, and she determined not to abate her zeal. She was bent upon winning, and that evening all her powers were brought into play. The slight trembling of Mr. Kenton's hand as he now took her own to lead her to the table, told plainly that he had already began to feel them.

They were soon seated around the "plenteous board."

It was Mary's custom to dispense as much as she could with servants at meals, and to do the duties of the table herself. This evening she did as usual. How beautiful she looked, as she sat there in her neat white dress doing the honors of the table! So, at least, thought Mr. Kenton, now, for the first time, attracted toward her.

"Where could have been my eyes!" said he to himself, "that I could not see her sweetness before. And yet," he continued, glancing at Julia, "I do not wonder; here is a more brilliant star."

The magnet that had attracted his sight, now began to lose a little of its power—still, a very little. His eyes would not dwell altogether now upon Julia; but wander sometimes, nay, pretty often to Mary. Again they would turn to the former, and then to the latter, as though he was critically contrasting them. Then, too, his conversation was more equally divided, and a close observer might easily have discovered, that the scales, at least, were on the balance.

"You must not be surprised Mr. Kenton," said Mr. Harrington, during the meal, "at the lack of attendants you see. You know, I invited you to a family supper, and thus simply attended we dine and sup, every day. Mary, here, will not have the servants about her, but chooses to wait upon the table herself. Indeed I do not see why we should keep but one or two domestics, for she is in fact, my housekeeper, cook, and all. I doubt not but this very bread we are eating was made by her," and he smiled upon her as he spoke.

"Yes," said Miss Julia, thinking to show how refined were her tastes, "she is never contented but when she is doing the servant's work. I often tell her how vulgar it looks, but she will think differently. She is a perfect domestic."

"Miss Lee will excuse me if I say she must surely then be the Queen of domestics," said Mr. Kenton gallantly.

Mary blushed, and with a good humored smile asked in a mock servant-like tone if he would take another cup of tea.

"Certainly," he replied, "for I have not enjoyed it so much this long while: whether to attribute it to the agreeableness of the present company, or the superiority of the tea I do not know. Perhaps to both."

"Mr. Kenton has not visited Europe for nothing," observed Mary, "he has perfectly learned the art of paying compliments. Did I wish to pay him one in return, I should say he was the king of flatterers."

"Ah!" said Mr. Harrington, "you will excuse him, Mary, when you recollect that it is customary to pay them to Queens."

With such conversation the meal passed away, and when it was finished they again proceeded to the parlor.

Here Julia commenced a series of attacks to catch Mr. Kenton. She talked learnedly, spoke of her love of literature, and the arts, talked fashionably, and on every fashionable topic, showed him (*accidentally* of course, for they were lying on the table) her drawings, and spoke enthusiastically of her love of music. Upon mentioning the last Mr. Kenton begged her to favor him with a song, accompanied by herself upon the piano. With a great show of reluctance she consented, and sitting down to the instrument, sang according to her fashionable taste a fashionable air from one of the latest operas, and to do her justice she executed it with a power and force, that made a thrill pass through the veins of her hearers. When she had finished, Mr. Kenton requested to be favored with a song by Miss Lee. Ever ready to oblige, Mary took her place at the piano, and, after a short prelude, sang in a voice of touching sweetness the following:

As twilight softly lingers round the close of parting day,
So clings to me the memory of loved ones pass'd away.
The good, the young, the beautiful, the brilliant, and the gay!

Oh! they were flow'rs that only bloomed to wither, and to fade:
Swept by Death's icy hand away, and then neglected laid
Within the chilling precincts of his darksome valley's shade.

Sweet is the memory of such—I hold them doubly dear,—
But there is one who claims of me a warmer kinder tear,
A being all too pure of soul to linger with us here.

How well I loved thee, mother dear, no heart but mine can know!
But those we love are first to feel the fell destroyer's blow;
They live, then pass away, as fades from heav'n the promised bow.

Yet though thou'rt numbered with the things that now are gone and past,
Among my sweet remembrances a sacred place thou hast—
I'll ne'er forget thee, mother dear, while life and mem'ry last!

When she had finished, the tears glistened in her eyes, for the sad, yet "sweet remembrances" of other days had crowded thick and fast upon her mind, and her thoughts had been with her who was in heaven. The eyes of Mr. Kenton also were moistened, for he was a man of quick sensitive feeling. Mr. Harrington's eyes, too, were dimmed. But Julia—how was it with her? was she sympathising with her sister? had the words of the song called up recollections of *her* mother, and were her darksome orbs bathed in tears? Mr. Kenton expected so, when upon the dying away of Mary's tones he looked around, but he was disappointed. Guess what she was doing, gentle reader! But that ye would never do, so I will tell you. She had glided away whilst the rest were spell bound, and was now intently engaged in surveying herself in the mirror! A shade of mingled disgust and indignation passed over the face of their guest. "Can it be," thought he, "that such a noble tenement can be the dwelling place of such a vain and little mind!" But he was too well bred to let his displeasure be seen, and the shadow passed from his countenance. The evening fled rapidly in conversation, and Mr. Kenton was in such good spirits when he left, that Miss Julia was far from suspecting that she was *not* in a fair way to catch a beau.

"Well, what do you think of Mr. Kenton?" said she to Mary when they were retiring for the night, "even you, particular as you are, can find nothing to object to in him. What a fine looking man he is!—a pity he don't dress more. He is rather plain for a beau of mine, but, no matter, he is rich."

"I think he is indeed a fine man," answered Mary, "far different from the perfumed exquisites that you will have dangling about you, Julia, in defiance of all I can say."

"Oh! if *you* have such a good opinion of him he certainly must be something extraordinary. I will surely have to accept him. Would'nt you, Sis?"

This was rather a home question, though not meant for such, and was accordingly left unanswered. It could be taken in two senses. Firstly,—If Mary was in her (Julia's) place, whether she would not accept him. Secondly,—Whether Mary would accept him for herself. Now the first she would not have been altogether willing to answer in the affirmative, and the second she would not have been much more ready to answer in the negative, for, be it known, Mr. Kenton had made no little impression upon her.

As to the gentleman in question, the reader will surmise that his heart was not uninterested, when we inform him, or her, that in the course of some two or three weeks from his first introduction, he became a regular visiter at the house of Mr. Harrington. Still his attentions to both ladies were equally divided, or seemed to be, and Julia, who never dreamed of her "old fashioned Sis," as she called her, being able to rival her, was in ecstacy at the prospect of becoming Mrs. Kenton, for she inferred from his visits that she certainly would be. Thus at every visit she redoubled her exertions to please him. She almost fawned upon him, so eager was she to gain him. Nothing was left undone,—whatever he said, was approved of by her, and it was truly wonderful how near akin they were in opinions. Very different was the behavior of Mary. With a modest frankness she received him when he came, and if she thought differently from him upon any subject, she firmly, yet gently expressed herself to such effect. In fact all her actions were marked with that propriety that so well becomes a woman.

Time rolled on.

Two months had passed, when one evening Mr. Kenton stopped as usual at Mr. Harrington's door, and, having rang the bell, was admitted. Miss Julia had gone with her father to the Theatre, and he found Mary seated in the parlor alone, engaged with her needle. What passed that evening, gentle reader, in Mr. Harringthon's parlor, we cannot divulge, for the very good reason, we do not know: there being but one witness to the transactions, namely, "sly little Cupid"—cunning rogue!—whom they say is blind, and who, also, is sometimes conveniently dumb—at least he never tells the particulars of lovers' declarations. We can pretty nearly guess, however, from what followed.

Next day when Mr. Harrington took his seat beside Mary, at dinner, he kept for some moments casting arch looks at that young lady, which she returned with numerous suffusions of countenance, commonly called blushes. At length he spoke.

"And so I am going to lose my little housekeeper," said he smiling, and looking at Mary, "I wonder what I'll do. It was a bad night's work for me, when I introduced a certain gentleman to the queen of domestics; wasn't it Mary?"

But Mary had found an exceedingly tough piece of tender fowl to cut, and was too busily engaged to heed his question. Julia, however, was not so dull of hearing just then.

"What—what do you mean, father?" asked she hurriedly.

"That Mary, here, is going to leave us shortly, to take charge of another gentleman's establishment."

"Another gentleman's establishment. Whose?"

"I think they call him Mr. Edward Kenton."

We will leave the reader to imagine Miss Julia Harrington's surprise; and also the events that in a few weeks afterward occurred in the Harrington mansion, only adding that if our little tale will have any influence in putting young ladies in the right way to catch a worthy beaux, our end will be fully answered.

Philadelphia, Aug. 1841.

Foreign Magazines.

From the Dublin University Magazine, for August.

Summer Flowers.

What is the use of poetry and poets? What—exclaims some disciple of the useful-knowledge school—what end or purpose can they serve? Well, then, let us hear Lord Bacon, rather an admirer and friend, it must be granted, of physical and scientific knowledge:

"Poesy is a part of learning, in measure for the most part restrained, but in all other points extremely licensed; and doth truly refer to the imagination; which, not being tied to the laws of matter, may at pleasure join that which Nature hath severed, and sever that which Nature hath joined. It is taken in two senses, in respect of words or matter: in the first sense it is but a character of style, and belongeth to arts of speech, and is not pertinent for the present; in the latter, it is, as hath been said, one of the principal portions of learning, and is nothing else but feigned history. *The use of this feigned history* hath been to give some shadows of satisfaction to the mind of man in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it, the world being in proportion inferior to the soul; by reason whereof there is, agreeable to the spirit of man, a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety, than can be found in the nature of things. Therefore, because the acts or events of true history have not that magnitude which satisfieth the mind of man, poesy feigneth acts and events greater and more heroical; because true history propoundeth the successes and issues of actions not so agreeable to the merits of virtue and vice, therefore poesy feigns them more just in retribution, and more according to the revealed Providence; because true history representeth actions and events more ordinary and less interchanged, therefore poesy endueth them with more rareness, and more unexpected and alternative variations: so as it appeareth that, poesy serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and to delectation. And, therefore, it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the show of things to the desires of the mind; whereas reason doth buckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things. And we see, that by these insinuations and congruities with man's nature and pleasure, joined also with the agreement and consort it hath had with music, it hath had access and estimation in rude times and barbarous regions, where other learning stood excluded."

This does strike us as a magnificent sketch and summary of the nature and benefit of poetry and its cultivation. It would be scarcely possible, we are convinced, to estimate how much of pure and honorable feeling—how much contempt of the mean and base, poetry has preserved and created in the public mind. Scribblers in verse are the subjects of many a sneer, and many a sarcasm—the butts at which every tyro in criticism aims his bow. Yet it may be questioned if even the veriest scribbling has not done good. It is only in verse we put off the world and worldly feelings: it is only there we can give utterance to those longings and asprings slumbering within every breast for higher and purer aims than wealth and worldly aggrandisement. No man ever did or could say to his friend, even in the closest intimacy of that tie, one-half what he would not hesitate to commit to paper. It is well to keep one medium, whereby to communicate the enthusiasm and lofty sentiment, otherwise likely to perish before the sneer of modern philosophy—one preservative against the heart-chilling and heart-hardening spirit of the age. But if we were to indulge ourselves in this theme, we should have little space left for our contributors' Criticisms, (not for the first time,) would overlay and cover the art it taught, or rather, failed to teach: since best of all instructions is example, and best of all proof of the utility of poetry will be found in the specimens we here bring forward.

A Mountain Voluntary.

Here, while I breath my native mountain air,
Here let me snatch a short relief from care.
For one short moment be what I have been,
And from the past recall each vanished scene;
And say, ye hills that round my dwelling rose
From earliest years familiar to my eyes,
Why, when I tread you, do I leave behind
The sad distractions of a burdened mind?
What hidden charm, what influence unknown,
Breathes o'er my heart a freshness not its own,
Bids every thought, from earth's disquiet free,
Into those tranquil skies aspire, like thee?

Here, by yon crag, that braves the wintry sky,
Yet bears no mark of centuries gone by;
Here let me sit—here woo those dreams, that sail
On the soft pinions of the evening gale
And, as the moments softly travel, feel
Nature's own freshness o'er my being steal.

Now sinks, along the western slope, the sun
And all the tumult of the day is done;
Peace has come forth, and in this gentle breeze,
Stirs the low flutter of the quivering trees;
While twilight's shadow all abroad unfurled,
Creeps with slow motion o'er the silent world.
Here, then, outspread beneath this rugged stone,
Here let me lie for hours, unseen, alone;
No—not alone: for thousand visions high
Throng the whole region of the blessed sky;
And fairy forms from spirit worlds appear,
And other sounds than earth's engage the ear.
No—not alone: for from the heart's depths soar
Aspirings, hopes, and memories of yore,
Blissful sensations, thrilling the whole frame,
And thoughts, that upward born with heavenly flame.

Oh! that these feelings might remain, and find
Their constant dwelling in the inner mind
Not a mere memory, but a present power
Felt, and extended o'er each passing hour.
That, masters of ourselves, we could exclude
Whate'er exists in enmity with good.
At harmony with our heart's and nature's voice,
In our own inner world of thoughts rejoice.
There find sufficient to complete and fill
The utmost measure of our wandering will.
Without one pleasure more—one passionate jar
The full perfection of our life to mar
All thought, all feeling, every impulse given,
As at this hour to nature, and to Heaven.

Vain aspiration to escape from strife,
And flee the inevitable doom of life.
Far other destinies our pathway wait,
Far other tale records the book of fate.
Peace comes but seldom, if it comes at all,
And every hour prevents some cause to fall.
New perturbations rise, when old are fled.
The only changeless are the mouldering dead.
Our youth's affections wither, ere we go,
And sameness gathers o'er all things below.
Palls on the ear, touch, eye, and soul,
All that our folly pants for—Win the goal,
And the whole prize is shrunk into a toy,
Scarce fitted to amuse the silliest boy.

Turn to yon village-steeple—there thine eye
Rests on the graveyard, where my fathers lie.
Tell, of their thousand pleasures, hopes and pains,
The whole world unto them—what now remains?
What, but a heap of undistinguished dust,
And a few slabs of stone o'ergrown with rust?
Yet fool were he, who would not take their lot,
Thus slumbering calm, forgetting and forgot.
Rather than live, as all must live, a prey
To sorrow, passion, care, and fortune's sway.
The self-same things returning, that have been,
Nothing to gaze on, that hath not been seen,
Nothing to hear, not heard a thousand times,
And on all sides girt round by woes and crimes.

But let, oh let these sad reflections go
And gaze in rapture on the vale below.
There all is peace, and purity, and love,
Calm earth is answering back calm Heaven above.
Boundless the prospect wide before me lies,
Lost in the mystery of those circling skies.
But o'er the bounds prescribed to finite sight,
Still Fancy travels with no less delight,
And from the distance, all that fairest seems,
Gathers, to weave new frame-work for her dreams.
Gathers ten thousand thoughts for memory's store,
And woos the heroic Joy, back to the heart once more.

B. B. F.

This strikes us as powerful and well-versified—a praise, by the way, that cannot be justly awarded to much of the heroic metre written now-a-days, and which, too, is by no means of the unimportant nature generally supposed. In poetry one half the charm lies in the words and the music of the verse. The fact, that no translation can ever convey the original with the same effect and influence, is alone sufficient to prove this. From this source it springs, that poets are the best and almost the only teachers of a language. The exactness and severity, the frequent consideration of the phrase, render them the best models. It is Coleridge, we think, who has remarked that as eloquence is good words in good places, so poetry is the best words in the best places, and that you might as well attempt to pull a brick out of a building without injuring it, as the minutest word out of a passage in Shakspeare or Milton without marring seriously the entire effect. It may not, perhaps, be irrelevant here to remark how advantageous is, therefore, the study of verse, and the mechanism of verse even to the writer of prose or the orator. A diligent study of them cannot fail to attune the ear and fashion the language into an involuntary harmony not unlike metrical order, and will imbue with a richer and more melodious tone the whole mind, refining, exalting, and harmonising both its conceptions and its phrase.

But to return from criticism to our poets: we shall present our readers with a short madrigal from the same pen:—

Quo desidero veteres revocamus amores,
Atque olim amissas flemus amicitias.

One thought is too faithful to thee
For time to remove it;
One feeling from passion too free
For thee to reprove it;
One voice is too sweet in mine ear
For another's to waken
Emotions, that speak through the tear
Of a spirit forsaken.

The hope, that once blessed me, is dead.
'T was the dream of an hour;
And the path I'm now destined to tread
Leadeth not to thy bower.
I dare not to gaze where thou art,
That vision hath perished.
But far in the depths of my heart
Must thine image be cherished.

B. B. F.

Our readers will scarcely believe the difficulty of selection. We have as many verses as our garlands have yet strung together, and scarcely one not entitled to attention. We must trust chance—and so our hand falls first on the two following contributions:—

A Contrast.

What wert thou *then?* A fountain bright
In its rejoicing glee,
Whose waters shed a glorious light
Around their pathway free.
A bird of never-ceasing song
Proclaiming in its tone
A heart whose love, so pure, so strong
Might be an angel's own.
What wert thou? Earthly things are weak
To image back again,
And vainly strives the tongue to speak
Of aught that thou wert then.

What art thou *now?* The grave alone.
Th' unanswering grave, could show.
For nought reveals th' attesting stone
Of that which sleeps below;
It tells what was—but, oh! the chill.
The worm, the dark decay.
There form an outline thought may fill,
But words must not portray;—
And *these* for thee—the warm, the young.
I might not trust a heart.
By many a woe too deeply wrung
To *think* on what thou art.

What shalt thou be? Aye, there a light
Makes memory's cloud appears,
To shed through all affliction's night
It's rainbow o'er our tears.
Thou wert of those whose arm of dust
Can cast beyond the grave
The anchor of a deathless trust
To Him who died to save;—
And Love, while low on drooping wing
It haunts thy tomb, is free
In Faith's triumphant strains to sing
Of all thou yet shalt be.

R.

The Sailor's Remembrance.

Come, drink a health to her we love,
Though now far, far away
Come, drink it to our mother dear,
This is her natal day.

Willie, she loves us well and true:
We are her only joy:
Though severed wide, her thoughts be sure
Are with her sailor boys.

Oh! Willie, I can ne'er forget,
Though the whole world I roam,
The blessed hours, the golden dreams
Of childhood and of home.

I'd give all fame, and wealth, and pride,
All hope aspires to be,
That I were once again a boy
Beside our mother's knee.

To feel as I have felt of yore,
Win the old freshness back,
Ere I had known the weary toil
Of manhood's dusty track.

Then drink a health to her we love,
Though now far, far away
Come, drink it to our mother dear,
This is her natal day.

V.

And now, as our limits are not quite so copious as our contributions deserve, we shall with one more poem bring our garland to an end. It is from an American contributor, and is, we think, a very remarkable production. The author describes himself as both by habit and by birth an Indian. The story of its hero, who was a well-known Indian chief, is well worth narration, but too long for the space we can allot to this department of literature, and the poem can be sufficiently understood and appreciated without it.

Osceola.

BY W. J. SNELLING, OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I.

Strike triumph's most exulting string,
Tell to the heavens with loud acclaim,
A hero's soul is on the wing
And boldly let the trump of fame
To glorify the red-man's name
Tell the admiring world a tale,
To make the cheek of wonder pale.

II.

Within a prison's irksome gloom,
Beneath a sultry southern sky,
Portal of his last home, the tomb,
Lay the red warrior down to die.
His raven locks in disarray,
A squalid mat his only bed,
And not one friend to raise his head,
Ebbs that proud spirit fast away.
And farther armed men repair
On his last agonies to stare
Sheep in the field, they dread not here
The nervous arm, the brow severe.
The trumpet voice, whose faintest tone
Oft made the many quail to one.

III.

Unworthy fate! the costliest grave
The proudest country ever gave
Her noblest chief, for battle won.
High heart, strong arm, and patriot zeal,
And truth and wisdom tried as steel,
Were thy fit meed, brave "Rising Sun"
O! rightly named, though never yet
Has rising sun so darkly set.
Would our dishonor and our crime
Were blotted from the book of time;
Or if the record black must tell
Our sons how Osceola fell
Then "damned to everlasting fame"
Let Jessup's live with Arnold's name.

IV.

Our country's stars and stripes were flying
Where the red warrior lay dying
A ray of the meridian sun
Upon the chieftain's blanket shone
A moment glanced that eagle eye
Where freedom's banner floated high
"And draw ye near, my foes!" he said,
"And for a brief space raise my head.
And smooth my long dishevelled hair
Bring me my arms; my rifle bring;
Give me my belt of wampum string,
And let my knife's keen point be bare
Now raise ye me, for fain I would
Depart as Osceola should,
As with his weapon in his hand
He battled for his native land.

V.

Though loth, I do not fear, to die
Attest it, Withlacoochee's stream,
Where Osceola's battle-cry,
Blent with the foeman's dying scream
Ye woods, where soft Seminolee flows.
Bear witness, if I feared my foes.
Or shrunk from death or pain
Where'er the baffled bayonet
By tomahawk and knife were met
The none tells the white man yet
I have not lived in vain.

Though my parched lips and burning brow
Give warning that my hour is nigh
His dastard joy assures even now
That Osceola cannot die.
But leaves behind a deathless name
Coeval with his murderer's shame.

VI.

Roll down that flag, which mocking waves
Its desecration over slaves
Is that the flag of freedom!—No
Did freedom's pennon ever flow
O'er robbers and invaders' wars!
Can liberty descend to guile.
Or, shameless, fight for sordid spoil!
Pull down those stripes, pull down those stars!
I asked but freedom—and ye gave
The freedom of the lonely grave
This all that I can call my own!
I slew your youth—their hearts are cold
Who bartered liberty for gold
Pull down those stripes; those stars pull down
Or rather let their honors wave
Where pirates haunt or dwells the slave.

VII.

Death, wife, thy sorrow from those eyes
My body, not my spirit, dies.
While on the soil the spoiler rests
But one true Seminole is left,
O! better on his father's grave
He sleeps the sleep of death.
Than trust to that which cannot save
The Christian's broken faith
In life and death, in good and ill,
My spirit shall be with you still
Still on the breeze the stirring call
Shall edge the blade, and wing the ball
And waken into life the shades
Of the primeval Everglades."

VIII.

Before the setting of the day
The mounting spirit soared away
And strangers on his ashes tread—
Peace to the lion-hearted dead.

From the London World of Fashion, for August.

The Mountain Lovers.

I have always been charmed with the quiet simplicity of rural life. The absence of all studied and artificial forms with which more refined society is clogged—but not improved—always wins upon my heart. I like the free and hearty greeting in unstudied speech, the honest look that speaks a welcome, and the homely yet expressive language which swells up naturally from the heart, and I have thought that more real happiness is to be found in the cottage by the hill-side half smothered in woodbines, where the hand of industry plies at its daily toil, than in the stately palace which affluence rears to pride, and where in many cases the heart aches, being cloyed with pleasure, and longing for uncertainties and impossibilities.

The most marked instance of pure unadulterated happiness that I ever witnessed was during a ramble among the mountains in Switzerland. It was drawing toward evening when I reached the door of an humble auberge, in the mountain valley of Lutschine. My guide, a young man whom I had employed at a trifling remuneration, had been eloquent in his commendations of the comforts of this *sejour;* and, indeed, I had no reason to impugn his veracity, when, on entering, I found myself in a neatly-furnished apartment, where an old man and a cherry-lipped, dark-eyed girl, apparently his daughter, received us with that unaffected courtesy which distinguishes the inhabitants of these patriarchal regions. I had observed that, though a cordial smile of welcome was bestowed on me by my young hostess, there was a joyous sparkle in her eye, a deeper blush on her cheek, and a tone of sweeter pathos in her voice when she addressed Albert, my guide. The workings of the human mind in matters of the heart, however studiously we may seek to veil them from human inspection, are generally discovered more early than any other passion; thus, I almost immediately set it down that Albert and Maria were lovers, and as I watched the cautious but intelligent looks they interchanged, while the old aubergiste was providing for my accommodation, I had no doubts remaining as to the truth of my first opinion. My simple repast was soon spread, and though there were not the luxuries of a Parisian or London table to tempt a cloyed appetite, I possessed from the keen breeze of the Jungfrau, which I had been inhaling all day, a better stimulant than Oude ever invented. The cheese was of the highest flavor, the milk delicious, and the strawberries, as I was assured by the "neat-handed" Maria, had been gathered that day by herself, and this assurance gave to me a double relish. After supper was ended, I was invited by the old man to go with him a little way up the village, to witness a rustic concert by a few of the village girls, who had assembled among their native mountains.

I was delighted at the proposal; the aubergiste and myself went first, followed by Albert and Maria, who, left to the sweet communion of their own hearts, did not seek to intrude their company upon us. Our path was along the side of a steep valley, in whose bosom an impetuous mountain torrent rolled in whitening foam. The solitude of the place, and its primeval stillness, broken only by the song of the waters beneath—the sullen roll of the fall, or the melancholy music of the wind through the top of the dark pines, which clothed the sides of the glen—combined to fill my mind with such intense feelings of awe and rapture, that I became immoveably rooted to the spot. We were standing upon a flat rock, which jutted like a platform over the dark abyss of the valley beneath—the mighty Jungfrau and its untrodden snows, radiant in the last rays of the declining sun, stood like a white-robed giant guarding the upper entrance into the valley. At that moment how I longed for the pencil of a Poussin to transfer to canvass the glorious scene which burst upon my senses; but my meditations on this sublime spectacle were diverted by a strain of sweet sad music from an unseen songstress. She paused, and the melody was taken up by another voice in the same key. Two or three other singers then joined in a wild irregular, but still a perfect harmony, rising and falling by such beautiful transitions, that each note seemed to be the echo of its predecessor. It was the first time I had ever heard the Swiss airs, and though I had fancied them singularly wild and beautiful, I was not prepared for the novel sensation these exquisite notes produced. A pleasurable thrill ran through my veins—tears, tears of dreamy delight filled my eyes—and, though years have glided away, I can never hear a Swiss air without recalling the delicious mountain melody which captivated my soul in that delightful valley. As we returned, Albert, who watched his opportunity, beckoned me away from the group of peasants who had now joined our homeward-bound party, and premising his business with an apology for troubling me, told me what I had already shrewdly surmised, that Maria and he were mutually attached. "We are," said he, "the children of neighboring peasants; yet even in our childish sports, before I even knew what love was, I like Maria above all the other girls in the hamlet; and when, in riper years, reason and passion bade me whisper to her how very dear she was to my happiness, I one evening extracted from her rosy lips the ecstatic confession, that Albert, the poor peasant boy, was not indifferent to her heart. Blind to everything but the consciousness of being beloved by Maria, on the following day I called on her father, and with the ardency of a boy lover, besought him to consent to our nuptials. The old man shook his head gravely, and said—

"What means have you of maintaining a wife, Albert?" This material point had never before occurred to me; but with that ready facility with which love converts mountains into molehills, and oceans into rivulets, I laid down a thousand brilliant plans for our future life, at each of which Maria's father smiled most incredulously. At length, when I had nearly exhausted my stock of oratory and breath, he interrupted me by saying, "I see how it is, Albert, your sanguine disposition makes you think lightly of the difficulties you would have to encounter in struggling through the world. You are too young and inexperienced yet to bend your neck to a load of care; but I will tell you what my boy, turn your thoughts and your energies to some industrious pursuit in life; give up all thoughts of Maria for three years, and if, at the end of that time you are able to support a wife, and continue in your present mind, take her and my blessing. Accustomed from my childhood to traverse the most inaccessible of these mountain paths, I determined to become a guide of the strangers who visit this country in their journeys to the different celebrated spots of these romantic regions. For three years past I have persevered in this perilous occupation, and with such success that I have now realised a sum, which I hope will be sufficient to induce Maria's father to bestow her hand upon me. During the time of my probation I have never spoken to Maria except in the presence of her parents until this evening, when I told her of my determination of reminding her father of his promise. I need not say, sir, that the dear girl, whose heart has remained unchanged, though tempted by richer suitors, heard my proposal with delight, and it now only remains for me to obtain the old man's consent, which I propose asking to-morrow morning when he goes out to the field to render me the happiest fellow in Canton ——."

I sincerely wished Albert every success in his enterprize, and promised that I would not quit the auberge until his fate was decided.

That night I slept soundly after the fatigues of the day, on a homely but comfortable bed, from which the cheerful beams of the early sun streaming through my lattice aroused me ere the fresh breaking day had chased the misty robes from the mountain peaks, and I arose fresh and invigorated, prepared to make the most of the day by taking an early walk over the Henger Alp to Grindelwald. I was soon dressed, and stealing softly from my chamber, in order to avoid disturbing any sleepers who might still wish to enjoy the sweets of slumber, I found myself in the principal apartment of the house, which communicated on one side with a small porch, through the half-open door of which poured a rich flood of sun-light upon the walls and tiled roof of the room in which I stood. Within the porch, on a rustic bench, sat the aubergiste's daughter, Maria; she was dressed with particular care, and I thought I never beheld the graceful costume of the Bernese displayed to greater advantage than on the beautiful figure which I then contemplated. I approached, unperceived, to a place whence I could observe her distinctly; she appeared absorbed in profound thought; her head thrown a little back, displayed a beautiful neck and throat, to whose whiteness the long plaits of her dark hair presented a striking contrast. She wore one of those peculiarly shaped dark net-work caps, which extend on either side of the face like the wings of a butterfly; her dark boddice confined a waist sufficiently small to set off the tournure of a well-formed bust, while the petticoat, coquettishly short, displayed a foot, and ancle of symmetrical proportions. Her full dark eyes were fixed upon heaven, and her sweet ruby lips a little apart, seemed breathing some silent orisons. A fair hair'd child, whom I had not perceived before, crept softly to her side, and in a tone of infantine fondness, lisped forth the word, "Sister!" the muser seemingly unconscious of her presence, allowed her to draw her passive arm around her neck, and gently pressed her rosy cheek to her bosom. I feared to breathe, lest I should break the holy spell that seemed to hover o'er them—it was the lively personification of love and innocence upon earth, and I sighed as a momentary thought crossed my mind, that, even they, the beautiful and the young, could not escape the cold blight of time or affliction. I had gazed silently on this group for a few minutes, when a quick step at the outer door of the auberge dissolved the reverie; the color rose to Maria's brow in a crimson tide, but faded to a snowy paleness, as Albert entered and caught her in his arms, exclaiming, "Maria—my life—Maria, all is well—you are mine, mine own at last." The spirit which had sustained the fond girl suddenly gave way, and woman's tenderness alone remained. She strove not to disengage herself from her lover's circling arms, but, hiding her face in his bosom gave way to a flood of passionate tears. This was to much for my semi-philosophic mind, and I silently withdrew with an unusual mistiness over my vision, which to this day I cannot satisfactorily account for.

At breakfast I met this happy group, including Albert and Maria. I spoke but little, for I perceived that though every lip was wreathed in smiles, and every eye beaming with delight, that each was too much engrossed with his own peculiar happiness to enter into conversation. However, I learned from Albert, in the course of my mountain tour that day, that Maria's father had not only consented to the union of the two lovers, but had promised to give to them the auberge, and to live with them as their guest during the remainder of his life. I delayed a few days to witness the felicity of this virtuous family in the nuptial of Albert and Maria, and when, after this event, I slung my knapsack on my shoulder, and took my staff in my hand to turn my back to the happy valley, perhaps for ever, I felt more regret than I had ever felt in quitting the splendid but heartless abodes of the great and gay.

An English Carriage.

Nothing, I presume, of the kind in the world exceeds the luxury of an English carriage with all its appointments; and yet, shall I confess to you that, after my admiration of their superb horses was somewhat abated, I have felt, in looking at them, much as I have at seeing a poor little child made a fool of by the useless and glittering trappings of his hobbyhorse. What would our labouring men, who work up the time and strength God gives them into independence, domestic happiness, and political existence—what would they, what should they say, at seeing three—four servants—strong, tall, well-made young men (for such are selected)—attached to a coach, one coachman and three footmen, two, of course, perfect supernumeraries! We "moralize the spectacle," too; observe the vacant countenance and flippant air of these men, chained to the circle of half a dozen ideas, and end with a laugh at their fantastical liveries; some in white turned with red, and some in red turned with white. Fancy a man driving, with a militia general's hat, feathers and all, with three footmen, one seated beside him, and two behind, all with white coats, scarlet plush breeches, white silk stockings, rosettes on their shoes, and gold-headed batons in their white-gloved hands.

From the London Metropolitan Magazine, for August.

The Lone Farm-House.

BY A SOLICITOR.

Some years ago, a solitary cabin in the west of Ireland was beset by a number of armed men at dead of night, thirsting for the blood of the unfortunate inmates. They battered in the door, and, in spite of all resistance, had dragged out the farmer to be piked or bludgeoned, when his wife, perceiving that escape was hopeless, with singular presence of mind, caught up their only child, a boy not five years old, and hid him away in the old-fashioned chimney. "My child," said the brave-hearted woman, "they are murdering your father; my turn will come next, but I shall struggle with them hard, and by the turf I am now lighting look well at their faces, boy, and avenge our death hereafter." Soon the ruffians did return, and long and gallantly did she struggle by her own hearth-stone, while from his dark hiding-place, the poor child, with white cheeks, did his mother's bidding, and stared silently at her murderers. Five months afterwards, three of the miscreants were convicted and hung, chiefly on the evidence of that boy. Such was the narrative with which Sir Robert Peel once powerfully excited the House of Commons, when stricter laws were demanded to keep down crime in Ireland; and yet, if the bare occurrence of such atrocities were a good reason for sterner punishment, many and many an instance might be found in civilized Protestant England. The following case occurred, no doubt, some time ago, but still so recently as to be within the "memory of the oldest inhabitant," and therefore sufficiently connected with our own times to retain its original interest.

About thirteen miles from Shrewsbury, on the main road to Ludlow, the long, straggling village of Church Stretton occupies the centre of a narrow valley, shut in by low wooded heights, through which many a winding glen leads westward through the Longmynd hills towards Bishopcastle and the Stiperstones. This part of the county is even now wild and barren, the haunt of grouse, and snipe, and screaming plover; but still some fields have been enclosed, and sundry farms marked off, where fifty years ago, all was soft marsh or green heather. Far in the centre of the waste, at least three miles from any village, there stood, at the time we speak of, a lone farm-house, completely shut in by three round grassy hills, between two of which a cart track led out to the high road, while between another pair a little brook trickled and trickled by, on its way to the distant Severn. In the hollow and on the hill-side, were patches of barley and oats, and a few roods of potatoes; but all the rest was a bare mountain sheep-walk, without a tree or a corn-field to vary the monotony of grass. It was a desolate spot in winter, when the swollen streams rushed hoarsely down the glen, and fierce blasts came ringing and howling through one or other of the hollows;—nor would every woman have borne the savage solitude with the courage and indifference displayed by the good wife of Longhope Farm.

She was, indeed, no ordinary character. Her father had occupied a few acres of land at Pilverbatch, a small village about four miles from Longhope, but, for several years before his death he had been a complete cripple, unable to labor, and supported solely by the vigorous activity of his daughter Rebecca. She managed everything herself—ploughed, dug, hoed, and made hay, in turn; bought and sold to the best advantage; kept the house in order, and husbanded their slender resources with the utmost economy. When the old man died, and the necessity for such constant exertion no longer existed, she listened to John Morgan's proposal that they should marry, make a joint-stock of their little properties, and try to earn an honest livelihood out of one of the mountain farms. Accordingly, the marriage took place, and a lease of Longhope was obtained on favorable terms.

Three years had elapsed, and the farmer was now a thriving man, owing in a great degree, to the good sense and activity of his helpmate. For some time she had done all the household work unassisted, until the birth of a child, in the second year of the marriage, obliged her to engage the services of a young girl from Pilverbatch, named Jesse Williams. In winter, two or three laborers and shepherds were generally lodged about the farm, but in summer time it often happened that, for days together, there was no one at Longhope except the good wife, her child, and her maid. Both Morgan and his wife, from living so near the border, were half Welsh people, and both were kind-hearted and hospitable whenever opportunity offered.

Little Jesse, on her first arrival, had been quite dismayed by the loneliness and solitude; but habit and active employment, together with occasional visits from a village sweetheart, soon reconciled her to the change. It must be confessed that her admirer, young Harry Watkins, was by no means above the ordinary race of mortals, for he was slouching and lumpish in his appearance, a thought passionate, and as obstinate as a Kerry pig. On the other hand, he was a hard-working lad, who supported both himself and his aged parent; and he had somehow managed not only to settle in his own mind that Jesse should be his wife some time or other, but also to impress the same notion upon her, she scarcely knew how. It was therefore almost a matter of course, on every fine Sunday afternoon, for Watkins, in his bright red waistcoat, and Jesse, in her blue cotton gown and gipsy bonnet, to roam "over the hills and far away" or else to stand side by side in the aisle of one of the neighbouring churches.

But "the course of true love never does run smooth." Even in the solitude of Longhope, a rival intervened to disturb Harry Watkins's calm security. On various occasions Jesse had been sent to Church at Stretton, to procure household articles or woman's gear for dame Morgan, and, being a pretty, fresh-coloured lass, she had attracted the notice of Joe Garbett, or larking Joe, as he was called, who was not long in making her acquaintance. In truth, Joe was by no means bashful, nor afflicted with doubts as to his personal merit. He was a slight, active fellow, with light brown hair and gray eyes, the left being half closed, from a confirmed habit of winking. There was a knowing, jaunty air about him, which made him pass among the clodhoppers for "main clever," a character which he laudably endeavored to maintain by constantly taking them in. Numberless were the pints of beer he drank at their expense, by means of tricky wagers, or skilful doses of flattery; yet Joe was always a welcome guest at the taproom of the Talbot or Buck's Head, where his songs or ready-witted jests gave life and animation to the circle of heavy-headed beer-drinkers. The old farmers, indeed, shook their heads, and prophesied that he would come to no good; but among the "lads of the village," and, we may add, the lasses too, Joe was a universal favorite. He soon managed to establish himself in Jesse's good graces, who was greatly flattered by such a conquest;—indeed he might almost be considered as her first lover, for her old sweetheart she had known from a child, and the change from a playfellow to a lover had been scarcely perceptible. Garbett, too, was so much more insinuating and attentive, constantly walking part of the way back with her basket, and chatting with a gaiety which contrasted strongly with Harry Watkins's matter-of-fact conversation. He took great care, however, not to come near the farm, and there was so little intercourse between Longhope and the neighborhood, that Jesse's new lover might have remained unknown for a long time, if she herself had not given mysterious hints on the subject to Watkins. It was some time before he comprehended her, and when he did, his behaviour was so outrageous, and he treated Jesse so much like a criminal for daring to have another admirer, that her spirit rose against it, and she declared her determination not to be scolded by him any more;—he need never come after her again, she added, for Joe Garbett was a hundred times kinder and handsomer; and away she bounced, like a Welsh pony from a stranger that tries to catch him, leaving Watkins dumb with sheer amazement, his face rivalling in color the scarlet waistcoat below.

The result was, that Harry Watkins, on the very next Sunday, went to Longhope, and told dame Morgan his grievances. The good dame, knowing him to be a steady, respectable lad, and having heard that Garbett was the very reverse, spoke seriously to Jesse, and even insisted on her giving up this new acquaintance altogether. But her interference only made the damsel more obstinate than before, and more resolved both to be "off with the old love" and to be "on with the new." She was obliged, however, in future, to meet larking Joe secretly, and that worthy himself took especial care not to be seen in the neighborhood. Thus matters remained until the twenty-second of August, 17——, a day to be marked blood-red in the calendar of fate, so pregnant was it with death and anguish to the inhabitants of Longhope Farm.

It was the week of Ludlow fair, and farmer Morgan had attended, as usual, both to sell his sheep and wool, and to buy fresh stock for the winter feed. The sheep sold well, but winter stock being in great demand, the farmer determined not to buy at the fair, but to try his luck at Bishopcastle, where there was to be a cattle sale on Saturday; so, tying up his money, a good deal of which was in guineas and silver, in a canvass bag, he mounted his nag and made for Longhope. A ride of sixteen miles brought him to Church Stretton, where he drew up at the Buck's Head for an hour, to enjoy a pipe and tankard in the crowded taproom. Larking Joe, as usual, was one of the party, and though the farmer knew nothing of the affair between him and Jesse, he had the natural contempt for him that a hard-working man is sure to feel toward an idle scapegrace, nor could all Joe's songs and jests attract his attention. But Garbett himself was not so indifferent. The quick-witted fellow had caught the heavy sound of the money-bag in the farmer's great-coat as he threw it off, and when Morgan cautiously transferred the treasure to his coat-pocket for greater security, Joe's eye had lighted for an instant on the bulging canvass. The mere sound, that momentary glance, was enough to raise in his evil mind the ghastly vision of a horrible crime. Unconscious of the coming doom, the farmer smoked on, and when his pipe and pot were both expended, rode stoutly away to his lone house among the hills. Far up the glen he saw the cheery blaze of his own hearth, kindled, most likely, for the commonest purposes, yet "it looked like a welcoming," and he pressed on the faster to gain that comfortable fire-side. A sturdy halloo brought out a herdsman, who took charge of his horse, and Morgan was soon installed in the chimney-corner, talking over the events of the day with his wife, while Jesse bustled about, arranging the materials for a right substantial supper.

Rebecca Morgan suited her husband exactly. Her courageous temper, persevering industry, and good management, were just such manly virtues as the stout yeoman knew how to value; he felt a respect for his helpmate, consulted her on all occasions, and availed himself of her strong good sense without a particle of jealousy, or the least dread of being hen-pecked. There was no sentiment or refinement in either, but good old English feeling was not wanting. And when their early time of rest arrived, and the couple stood by the bed where their child lay, soft and warm, sleeping the summer's night away, the farmer's "God bless 'un," and the mother's light kiss on his cheek, were truer far, and, if rightly looked at, far more affecting, than if the expression of parental love had been clothed in daintier phrases;—yet the same heart that will feel little interest in the homely affection of a rough yeoman in his lone farm-house, will soften at once beneath the graceful sorrowing adieus of the cold-hearted Mary of Scotland!

Little cared the bluff farmer for such reflections. The live-long night he snored and slept with a vigorous enjoyment of rest that knew no interruption, and when Saturday morning rose bright and clear, out he tumbled, got into his clothes, dipped his head into a bucket of water, and routed out the shepherds and herdsmen with a bustle and activity that would have astonished the farmers of our degenerate days. In less than an hour he and all his men were off across the mountains to Bishopcastle, and, as Morgan intended to drive home whatever sheep he might purchase the same day, he was not likely to return before dark. As they were leaving the farm, one of the shepherds fancied he saw a man's face looking down on them from the hill-top, but it vanished too quickly, and the bumpkin cared too little about the matter, to think it worth mentioning to his comrades.

While the men-folk were away, the good wife and Jesse were busily engaged the live-long day in brewing a cask of home-made—and hard work it was to fill the copper from the brook, ladle out the hot wort, and set it to cool in the mash-tubs.—But all was done before dusk; the cooled liquor thrown back again into the boilers to remain until Monday, the mash-tubs all cleaned up and turned over on the floor, and everything set in order, to the high satisfaction both of mistress and maid. Dame Morgan had just sung her little Johnny to sleep, and, leaving him in the bed, had returned to the large room, which, like the cobbler's stall, served for kitchen, and parlour, and all, when she saw three men enter the farmyard and approach the house. She went to the door immediately, when one of the three stepped forward, and very civilly asked her to give them a bit of bread and cheese and a cup of beer as they had lost their way among the hills.

Such claims on her hospitality had frequently occurred in that wild country, and she made no difficulty about giving the refreshment they required; but not liking that the room she had just cleaned up should be dirtied again by these strangers, she called Jesse, and bade her carry some bread and cheese and ale into a sort of open shed across the yard, where, in fine weather, the shepherds commonly took their meals.

The moment Jesse set eyes on the men, or, rather, on one of them, she started, and reddened, and cast such furtive glances at her mistress, that the latter guessed instantly that one of the men must be Joe Garbett. She felt a great inclination to pack the whole of them off without ceremony, for coming in that underhand way where they were not welcome, but, on second thoughts, she determined to wait until her husband returned, and leave him to deal with them. Jesse bustled about to hide her confusion, looked out a huge brown loaf and half a cheese, and, bidding the men follow her, she tripped gaily across the farm yard.

She had not been gone a minute before a scream roused dame Morgan's anger still more against the men who, she imagined, had been rude to her little maiden, and, brimful of wrath, she hurried to the door.

Ha! there is no romping there! Shrieked in wild terror, the blood gushing in streams through the hands that clasped her throat, Jesse was staggering out of the shed. Close at her back followed one of the men with a bloody knife, and, cursing fiercely, thrice he stabbed the poor girl with all his might. The blows forced her against the shed, and the smallest man of the three, springing forward with an oath, caught up a broken ploughshare, and drove it on the victim's head with crushing violence;—she dropt, and there was no more shrieking.

"Murder!" issued unconsciously from dame Morgan's lips in a hoarse whisper—the next instant her own fearful danger flashed on her mind. To shut the door and down with the wooden bar was instinctive. What next! Alas! she could neither resist nor fly. There was not a moment to think. The mash-tub caught her eye—she flung herself down on the floor, pulled the tub over her, and had just time to coil herself round before the ruffians burst in with fierce execrations. She heard their horrible threats, the eager search made for her, the furious rage they showed when she was not to be found. All agreed that it was impossible she could have escaped, and again and again every hiding-place was ransacked except the one—nay, two of them even sat down on the tub, and reproached one another with having murdered Jesse too soon, as they wanted her to tell them the "old 'un's" hiding-place.

There she lay close coiled, knees, elbows, and head all jammed together, not three inches from them, in fear doubtless—in mortal, agonizing fear—but still with every faculty sharpened to a painful acuteness, and not without the silent hope that the good God would yet protect her.

O heart of proof, stand firm! She heard one of the ruffians start up, and declare that he could soon find out where she was. Then there was a cry—the cry of her little Johnny—the mother's heart sprang to her lips, for she had not thought of danger to him.

"Ay, burn the kitten," said one, with a mocking laugh, "and the old cat will soon come out."

"Well done, Joe," replied another, "clap his toes to the bars."

Mercy! mercy! they are torturing her child!—His shrill screams of pain ring in her ears—there is a hissing sound as of burning flesh—oh! she cannot bear it—the devilish practice will succeed—the tub rises—no, it falls again, and the miscreants have not seen it move.

"I can't save him, I can't save him," muttered the strong-hearted woman to herself with maniac rapidity. She gnawed her arm to the bone, but felt it not, for she dared not stop her ears, and the piercing cries of her child thrilled through her brain with a bitter agony that mocked all other pain. Scream after scream continued, she knew not how long, and still, with resolute courage, she lay silent and motionless as the dead, baffling the

hellish scheme of those bloody murderers. At length they too wearied of the poor infant's cries.

"Stop the reptile's squalling, Joe," said one, surlily;—the next instant there was a dull heavy sound, as of something soft swung against the wall, and the cries immediately ceased. Then the mother knew that her little boy was dead.

The ruffians must have proceeded to search the house for plunder, since the next thing the miserable woman remembered was the rattling of money over her head. They had actually chosen the bottom of the mash-tub as the place on which to divide their booty, and talk over their future plans! After counting to each other the price of blood, which was, after all, an inconsiderable sum, they spoke of her own unaccountable escape, and the danger there was that she might be able to recognize them. All agreed that they must quit that part of the country, but it was at last arranged that, before they went, they would, on the following Sunday night, break into the house of a Mr. Harper, near Longden, which had been marked by the gang for plunder on account of the quantity of plate it was known to contain. And then, with brutal oaths and grumblings at their scant booty, the miscreants went away, not dreaming that a just Providence had posted in the very scene of their crimes a living witness to work out the destined retribution.

In about an hour afterwards, when it was almost dark, the farmer and his men came down the glen, driving a large flock of sheep before them. But this time no cheerful blaze greeted Morgan's return. He rode a short distance ahead, and was surprised to see the yard gate open. The silence, too, was unusual; and when he found the door of his house ajar, and no light within, he dismounted hastily, and entered in some apprehension. No one was there; he called out "Becky!" "Jessy!" but they came not. Dreadfully alarmed, he rushed to the smouldering fire, thrust in some sticks, and stirred it into a blaze. The quivering light fell strongly on a white bundle at his feet, streaked with red. He lifted it up—good Heavens! it is the bloody corpse of a child! His shout of horror brought in the shepherds, and all stood gazing in dumb consternation, when, to their infinite terror, a mash-tub which lay on the floor slowly rose up, and the form of a woman gradually uncoiled itself into a kneeling posture, like one rising from the grave. The face was deadly pale, and the open eyes stared vacantly upon them. At this fearful apparition, the men shrank back in superstitious dread, and even the stout farmer quailed. "Becky!" at last he uttered, in a doubtful tone. She nodded. "Becky!" he said again, more confidently. She stretched out her arms, and Morgan, recovering his self-possession, caught her up like a feather, and vehemently demanded his child. The rough embrace roused her from the trance into which she had fallen—"Johnny is dead!" she said, piteously wringing her hands—"Johnny is dead!" and that was all she would answer.

"Search the place!" shouted the farmer furiously, "there has been murder here!"

And while the men, with lighted sticks, and what weapons they could find, hurried through the house and outbuildings, again Morgan questioned his wife as to what had happened. But it was in vain; and, carrying her to a seat by the fire, he was about to join the men in their search, when all at once she burst into a loud laugh which froze his very life-blood.

"They burned him—ha! ha! ha!" she yelled frantically—"they burned Johnny till he screamed so,"—and she imitated the poor child's cries with strange exactness, ending in a fit of violent convulsions. It took four strong men to hold her down while it lasted, but afterward she was so weak that Morgan carried her to bed without any opposition, and she lay quiet enough, muttering to herself incoherently.

The men had brought in Jesse's dead body, and as it was quite clear that murder had been committed, one of the shepherds set off on horseback for Church Stretton to obtain assistance. The people there were almost all in bed, but as he rode through the village, hollooing "Murder!" at the top of his voice, every one rushed out to learn the news.

Within half an hour, all the men in the place had started for Longhope, and a rigorous examination was made, both on the farm itself, and over the neighboring hills; but nothing was discovered, and the only chance was, that dame Morgan might be able to give some clue to the mystery. The village surgeon had already bled her, and administered a strong opiate, so that nothing could well be learned from her before the morning. Meantime, the rumor of what had happened spread far and wide, and, during the forenoon of Sunday, people kept pouring in from all the neighboring villages in crowds. Among the foremost was Harry Watkins, to whom poor Jesse's fate seemed almost incredible. He shed a few natural tears on first seeing her dead body, but the sight of her gaping wounds roused his dogged temper, and all other feelings were absorbed in the burning thirst for vengeance. As yet, however, no one could point out the murderer, and he stalked moodily about, with flushed face and set teeth, glaring without reply at any one who spoke to him.

At last it was buzzed about that dame Morgan had awoke quite sensible, and that the constable was taking her depositions; upon which Watkins forced his way up to the bed-room door, where his well-known connexion with the murdered girl procured him admittance. There were only four others present, consisting of the farmer, the constable, and his assistants, to whom dame Morgan, propped up in the bed with pillows, was faintly telling her tale of horror.

"I could not save him, John, indeed I could not," she said, in a deprecating tone, as she spoke of their tortured child; and, in spite of her husband's kind assurances and hearty commendations, she looked up in his face again and again, repeating the same pathetic appeal. "Indeed and indeed I could not save him!"

The intelligence she gave showed clearly that Joe Garbett had been one of the three men. Above all, the intended robbery at Longden was of the last importance, and the constable, enjoining on all present the utmost secrecy, hurried off to make arrangements for capturing the villains that very night at Mr. Harper's. The crowd of idlers without, unable to gather any information from the man of office, closed round Harry Watkins with eager inquiries; but he only shoved them surlily aside, without noticing their questions, and strode away over the hills at a desperate pace. Meantime preparations were made, with the utmost caution, for seizing the three desperadoes. Mr. Harper was warned of the intended robbery; one by one, the constables of Church Stretton and Longhope, with four assistants dropped quietly into his house; Morgan, too, would be present, in spite of all remonstrances; the family were directed to go to church as usual, and when the bell ceased tolling, three of the men hid themselves in the front parlor, and the remaining three, with Morgan, in the drawing-room at the back. The house stood by itself, having pleasure-grounds both in front and rear, and stables and other offices at each side. Half an hour had scarcely passed before a pane of glass cracked in the drawing-room windows; one, two, three men were heard jumping in, and out burst the farmer on the foremost, with a huge oak stick in both hands, one blow of which beat the ruffian down in an instant. A second was also secured without difficulty, and Joe Garbett, the third, was seized by the collar at the same instant by the constable of Stretton and his assistant. But that alert villain threw off his coat in a twinkling, and sprang at one bound through the open window. The constable drew a pistol and blazed after him, then threw himself out headlong, closely followed by the three men from the parlor. But the fugitive was lithe of limb as a greyhound;—life, dear life, hung on his speed, and he would probably have got clear off but for an unexpected aid. A man jumped from the shrubbery right in Garbett's path, dealt him a dreadful cut with a broad axe which almost slivered his cheek off, and brought him heavily to the ground. Again the axe was raised in both hands, and down it came with full swing, not on Joe's head indeed, but so close that it grazed his left ear. Before a third blow could be struck, the pursuers came up, and found their new ally was young Harry Watkins. He was perfectly mad with rage, and they had great difficulty in wrenching away the axe, and preventing him from finishing Jesse's murderer at once. As soon as Garbett recovered his senses, the three miscreants were handcuffed, and carried off to Shrewsbury gaol, there to await their trial.

The sensation created in the neighborhood by a crime so atrocious was intense, and nothing perhaps in the whole business excited greater horror than Joe Garbett's cold-blooded murder of poor Jesse, whose sweetheart he had professed himself. People asked each other if it was possible that Joe, larking Joe, whose songs and jests they had so often laughed at, could be guilty of such unheard-of cruelties. But in truth there was nothing wonderful in it; his native wit and high animal spirits concealed a character of selfish hardness, a mind utterly callous to all human sympathies. The very habit of jesting on every one and every thing, both indicated the man's heartlessness and tended to increase it. Still, there was undoubtedly an apparent contrast between his pot-house levity of manner and his actual atrocities at Longhope, which deepened the general feeling of abhorrence against him. When the trial took place, and the jury, without leaving the box, returned a verdict of guilty, a loud cheer rang through the court, though promptly and sternly rebuked by the presiding judge; and as the miserable men were carried back to gaol, the mob followed with curses both loud and deep, the women, especially, loading Garbett with expressions of utter loathing and detestation.

At that period the law gave to convicted murderers but short shrift between sentence and execution, little more, in fact, than was necessary to set up a gallows. An immense crowd attended on the morning of the execution, and when the three prisoners appeared on the platform for the last time in this world, they were received with a mingled yell of exultation and abhorrence. It was the only thing that seemed to affect the wretched Garbett—that universal expression of bitter detestation by his fellow-men. Hardened as he was to all other considerations, the village favorite yet felt acutely, even at that fearful moment, the loss of his little world's applause.

The hangman's office was soon done—the white caps drawn down, the rope adjusted; the sheriff dropped his handkerchief as a signal, the bolts were drawn, the platform fell, and in a few minutes three lifeless carcasses swung in the breeze. This was all that remained of the murderers of Longhope Farm.

SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1841.

Acknowledgment.

We give our thanks to a large number of the subscribers of the Post, for the very handsome manner in which remittances have been made to us, for some time past, and for the quality of the funds, in which they have been made. We shall endeavor on our part to do justice to them in turn.

A word to those still in arrears. We shall be much obliged for a speedy settlement, as the volume is now opened, and we wish to start, unincumbered by *back balances*. Let the accounts all be settled up, and we will take a *fair* start together and see who shall first tire in the race. *We shall continue to issue a splendid paper.*

☞ Mr. James Pierce, will assist his brother, William Pierce, in the collection of our accounts in Pennsylvania.

J. H. Stevenson, is appointed travelling Agent in place of S. H. Stevenson, resigned.

☞ J. H. Allen, is appointed general travelling Agent. P. Miles, is Agent for Watertown, N. J.

The Murdered Miss Rogers.

We stated, last week, that an individual named Morse, had been arrested under circumstances which induced the suspicion that he was the murderer of Miss Rogers. He has since, however, completely established his innocence of that crime, and been discharged. The story he told, on his arrest, was, that on Sunday, the 25th ult., he had met a young lady in the street, whom he persuaded to accompany him to Staten Island, that he beguiled the time for her until it was too late to return by the ferry, and that he made an attempt on her virtue that night, but he was unsuccessful. He further said that he was totally ignorant of the name or residence of the young lady. This story was deemed incredible, and met with general disbelief, until, on its publication, a gentleman called on the Mayor, and stated that he had met Morse and the young lady on the day in question, and could furnish the residence of the latter. She was instantly summoned to the police office and interrogated, when she corroborated fully the declarations of Morse. The girl is of a very respectable family, and during the examination she sobbed continually. Her consenting at all to go with Morse was very imprudent, to say the best,—but in justice to her, we are bound to say, that after the steamboat left Staten Island, she tried to get some one to bring her over in a small boat, but could not. She then consented to go to the village hotel, above the quarantine landing, only because Morse solemnly promised her that she should have a separate room, and a female of the house to sleep with her. He did not get the female. He brought her night clothes. She put a chair against the door, and her parasol or umbrella. He entered the room, however, but used no violence. As soon as she could, she got up—threatened to cry "murder"—and sat by the window, half dressed, till day light.

So irksome has life become to her by the publicity of her imprudence—although the authorities conceal her name—that she has made an attempt—happily a fruitless one—to commit suicide.

No clue, therefore has as yet been discovered to this murder. The police are as much at fault, apparently, as they were two weeks ago. With all their boasted acumen, we think they have altogether mistaken the course to be pursued in the detection of the murderers, and that their want of success hitherto has arisen from the simple fact that they have directed their enquiries in a false direction. *In one word they are on the wrong scent.* They appear to imagine that the crime was perpetrated at Hoboken. We differ with them. We differed with them two weeks since, and shall continue to differ with them until the contrary is proved. But the proper way to proceed in an enquiry like this, is to begin methodically. Let us shew what we mean. In doing this, we may have to mention details which otherwise we would gladly suppress. But a sense of duty forces us on.

In the first place, Mary C. Rogers was a well known individual: few gentlemen in New York but had seen and admired her beauty. She went out—*it is said*—on the morning of the 25th; at least she called at her lover's room-door and said she was going out, and from that minute all trace of her is lost. Now it would have been impossible for her to have gone far, *on Sunday, especially*, without having been seen and recognised by some one of her acquaintance,—and that she was not so seen is conclusive evidence that she did not go to her aunts, much less to Hoboken, a place thronged on Sunday, and by the very class, too, who knew Miss Rogers as the "cigar girl." We may, in support of this conviction, instance the case of the young lady with Morse, a girl known by sight to but few, yet who was recognised before she reached the wharf. It is true this may be one of those singular coincidences which sometimes set reason at defiance, but in the case of Miss Rogers had she gone any distance, there would have been no need of coincidence, for she would inevitably have been met by some one who knew her. We are certain, therefore, that she met her fate not far from her own house.

In the second place, the body, when discovered, bore marks of outrage, not only unusual, but brutal in the last degree. We must be excused for going into detail. The death was evidently by strangulation and it was plain that she had been gagged, and her arms tied together, for they were found in a raised posture, as if they had stiffened in the very act of attempting to tear something that choked her from her throat, or that impeded her speech. This proved also that she was thrown in the water after death, for the arms of drowned persons are universally found extended. Her face was bruised; so was her back, about the shoulder-blades, as if, in struggling, the victim had been held down to a plank, or other hard substance by main force. More than one person would be required to do this. A strip about a foot wide and extending to her waist, had been torn from the skirt of her gown in front. This strip had been wrapped around her like a belt. There were other circumstances of like brutality, which we pass over as not absolutely necessary to be mentioned here, elicited at the inquest, on the disinterment of the body—circumstances, however, all strengthening, indeed rendering unavoidable, the conclusion that this outrage was perpetrated by a gang of villains, and they men of the most brutal character. No ordinary individuals—we mean none not utterly debased—have done this deed. It was either committed by boys of from eighteen to twenty, low blackguards, such as fester in the suburbs of great cities—or it was perpetrated by men of the coarsest minds, of great animal passions, and who were but one remove from brutes. We entertain no more doubt of the truth of this than we do of our own personal existence.

Nor was this outrage committed, as some have said, in a house of ill-fame. The deed was done in a place where all were actors, all partakers or accessaries to the crime. They were all too of the stronger sex. No third party—an unfortunate female for instance—was by to betray the secret. The crime was done hurriedly, in some unusual place. Into no chamber, into no house, was the unfortunate victim inveigled. The deed was perpetrated in some less ordinary spot—in a workshop, a low club-room, a loft or other such place. It was done, too, at a haunt of persons like those we have described, *and several such haunts are known to be in the neighborhood of her residence*. In all human probability some brutal miscreants, have, on a sudden impulse, and when no spectators were immediately in sight, forced their victim into their *Sunday rendezvous*, gagged her, and then consummated their infernal design, if indeed there was any design at first, beyond that of insult. We can imagine the rage of the villains at being threatened with exposure—the murder of the sufferer was the inevitable consequence of the outrage on her person. Her death having been effected, the next object was to dispose of the body. In doing this, the murderers sought to remove all trace of the crime, perhaps, if possible, to put enquiry on the wrong track. The question, however, whether they were acute enough in intellect to think of the latter. Our opinion is that they were not. They only knew that burying the body would probably betray the deed; at least, that casting the corpse into the river would be the surest way of escaping detection. To this they resorted. The darkness and tempestuous character of the night favoring their design. Perhaps they thought, when the tide closed over the mangled form, that all trace of their crime had been hidden forever from mortal eye; but a mysterious Providence looked down on their act, the tide cast the body up on the opposite shore, and has set enquiry afloat. We feel confident of the event. Sooner or later, in God's good time, the murderers will be discovered.

We repeat it—the police have been hitherto at fault, because they took up an idea that the murder was committed at Hoboken, and to that they seem to cling with singular and even reprehensible pertinacity. We have shown that nothing is more fallacious than such an idea. Let them now alter their course of action. Let them hunt for the murderer where, and among whom the facts direct point enquiry. Had we been the Mayor of New York, every shed, workshop, or possible resort for brutal men or idle apprentices on Sunday, within four or five squares of Miss Roger's residence, should have been subjected to a thorough surveillance and search. Even now it may not be too late. Fearful of attracting notice by an abrupt departure, and lulled into security by the wrong scent on which the police has gone, the murderers perhaps yet occupy their usual homes, and wear the air of innocent men. This latter opinion, however, is given at a hazard, as our data, respecting it, are not sufficient to reason correctly on.

The Academy at West Point.

The unpopularity of this institution seems to increase daily, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of its friends in its behalf; and the time, perhaps is not far distant when we shall see it altogether abolished, or at least merged in some scheme of military instruction more strictly consonant with the genius of a republic. Like many other moot points—that of the utility of classical study, for example—the question of the advantage or disadvantage of the Academy is subject to the important difficulty, in respect to its decision, that those alone can estimate its advantages who have participated in them. Fairly to decide the classical question, a man must be a classical scholar—yet this, very naturally, is denied by the non-classicists; and properly to test the merits of the institution at West Point, it is absolutely requisite that he who forms an opinion should have personal experience of the objects, instruction, mode of management, and general practice of the school. No classicist ever opposed classical study; at least no classicist ever opposed it with the inane arguments of the non-classicists. No graduate of West Point has been found, we believe, to say aught against the Institution. Here we expect, of course, the common-place observation that the recipients of favors will naturally commend those who bestow them; but we meet it with the equally obvious remark, that those who refuse favors are rarely well-estimated by those who have been refused. Now as it must always happen that the majority, the vast majority, of applicants for cadets' letters of appointment will be subjected to refusal, on account of the limits necessarily affixed to the Academy, so it will always find, we fear, its enemies more numerous than its friends; and for this evil we perceive no remedy in any modification of its plan.

The truth is, that the benefits conferred by the school are seldom denied; while it is complained of as a grievance that these benefits cannot be made universal. The charge of favoritism (perhaps the only serious charge brought by its foes) is sufficient to illustrate our position. It is said that the influential can alone obtain appointments. Yet, as long as a limit is assigned to the institution, how is this to be avoided? Under any circumstances—in any regard—money, power, political influence, will have its effect, and this is not only inevitable, but *right*. But our especial purpose, just now, is to deny the charge of favoritism in the full extent to which it is made,—to deny it from personal knowledge, holding ourselves ready to demonstrate the truth of what we say. It is generally, but by no means *exclusively*, the case, that the relatives of the influential receive appointments at West Point; nor does it *ever* happen that, after appointment, any favor is evinced. The laws of the school are sure checks against misconduct in this latter particular. The writer of this article can call to mind, without difficulty, a single section of a single class at this Academy, in which section (consisting of course of few individuals) there were *four* cadets (three of humble origin) who had received warrants without the aid of what is termed "influence." One of these was the son of a poor tavern-keeper at Old Point Comfort; the second was an apothecary's apprentice at Washington; the third, although well-born, was without living relations or friends, and had promptly received an appointment upon his own personal application to the Secretary of War; the fourth *was the son of the tailor of the post*. He headed his class, and graduated with high honor in the Engineer Corps of the Army, where we believe he remains to the present day.

Latest Fashions.

Materials of silk or worsted are now so varied and beautiful, and also so moderate in price, that in Paris they are more fashionable than the colored muslins, or cotton manufactures, bareges, foulards, perannes chine, &c. &c., and a new article imitating lace, lined with colors, with robes of tarlatane in pink or blue, embroidered in white tambour, are all fashionable at this moment, in consequence of the late cold weather. Peignoirs of muslin lined with silk have been slightly wadded, the wadding being placed between two breadths of silk. Deep tucks are much in favor for organdys, tarletanes, and muslins; but for gaze de laine, cachemere, barege, and silk materials, two and three flounces are preferred. Gimp trimmings continue to be used for walking dresses and morning neglige. The newest corsage is high, and full all over, with sleeves fulled their entire length by means of runners; the corsages a la Grecque and en Gerbe are also worn.

Cannezous and fichus are made of plain net en bouillons, with inlets; high cannezous with long sleeves are made in this style, the cannezous Camargo with long cords, embroidered, and the demi decollete with small sleeves; and the waist encircled with small basques trimmed with lace have a pretty effect on the colored skirts. Chemisettes of muslin are plisse en guimpe, and finished with a ruche. Scarfs continue in universal favor in Paris; on account of the coldness of the last month muslin scarfs were lined with pink or blue cachemere, and trimmed with fringe to correspond.

The cap a la Pompadour, with the lace drawn together on the centre of the forehead, plain at the sides, forming wings on the throat, with a bunch of pink daisies, green currants, &c., on the left side, and rosette of pink gauze ribbon on the other, lace lappets with flowers, the small paysanne cap, and pointe, or half hankerchief a la fanchon of point lace, placed very backward on the head, the ends intermixed with flowers, form the newest style of cap at this moment.

The young ladies now, even in the summer, adopt coiffures, a sort of medium between the coiffure of hair and the cap, composed of lace, gauze and ribbons. Bonnets do not undergo much change at this season. Capotes of poult de soie are ornamented with ruches, and sometimes covered by a voilette of lace; the straight form is much in favor, either for poult de soie, bouillonne, embroidered organdys, &c. Straw bonnets are used for morning wear, trimmed with narow bands of velvet laid on flat, sometime confining small lace veils; the velvet ribbon is arranged in a line of coques at the back of the bonnet. Pale blue gloves are all the fashion in Paris; both long ones and mittens are made in this shade, closing with a small double button called gitanos, united by a chain which admits of their hanging a little beyond the button hole.

Jefferson College.

The prosperous condition of this Institution must be very gratifying to its friends. The ability and zeal of its President, the number, qualifications and industry of its Professors, are the best pledge of its success. It is an Institution in which Pennsylvania may take a just pride. With such facilities for obtaining a sound, practical education, she will be under no necessity of sending her sons to New England, or any other section of country. Her honor and her interest are alike concerned in bestowing her patronage upon her own Seminaries. She should be as independent in this respect as she is in her physical resources. We take the following from the printed catalogue of this year:

FACULTY OF JEFFERSON COLLEGE.

MATTHEW BROWN, D. D.
President.
JAMES RAMSEY, D. D.
Professor of Hebrew.
RICHARD S. M'CULLOCH, Esq.
Professor of Physical Science and Mathematics.
WILLIAM SMITH, A. M.
Professor of Languages.
ALEXANDER B. BROWN, A. M.
Professor of Belles Lettres and Latin.
HENRY SNYDER, A. M.
Adjunct Professor of Mathematics.
CHARLES MALTIN,
Tutor.

SUMMARY.

Senior Class	43
Junior Class	47
Sophomore Class	49
Freshmen Class	25
Preparatory School	56
Irregular and Scientific	16
Total	236

New Inventions.

Among the new inventions of a recent date in Europe, the following are enumerated in late publications. 1. The successful application of the electro-magnetic power to printing. The machine is said to be ingenious, and capable of directing the typographical process at a great distance from where it is actually performed. 2. A valuable discovery, by which lithography can be effectively used for the purpose of transferring any lithographic drawing to china, porcelain, delf, &c. This discovery has been made by Mr. Day, and has been secured by patent. The composition he uses for the transfer has not been made known. 3. An improvement by a Belgian paper-maker, by which a fine white paper can be manufactured from asparagus ends, and also paper of inferior quality from beet root.

A Child Killed by Dogs.

The New York Express states, that on Wednesday and Thursday last, a man and his small child were bitten by a dog almost at the same moment in the neighborhood of the 9th avenue and 31st or 32d street—the child being so terribly mangled that it expired the same day. Every morning the city is traversed from the battery, as far up as 31st street for dogs—the ordinance not permitting any dog to be killed by the officer beyond that upper boundary. Above that, as there is no night watch, the dogs are allowed to live to protect the property of their owners.

The Turkish Ladies.

Two firmans have been issued, in which the Turkish ladies are earnestly besought to abstain from all such indecencies as the exposure of their noses and lips to the wanton gaze of passengers. They are required to leave only a sufficient aperture in their veils, to see that they do not defile themselves by coming in contact with any male infidels. But worse—the last issued firman has this passage:

"It being a matter of public notoriety, that the infidel traders of Pera have increased in number, and stored their shops with divers tempting articles, the offspring of Satan's inventions, whereby the wives and handmaids of the faithful are excited to acts of most objectionable extravagance, thereby injuring their domestic felicity, and entailing great pecuniary inflictions upon their husbands and lords; it also being observed, that, not content with filling their shops with these luring creations of Eblis, the aforesaid breeders of mischief place behind their counters youths of comely appearance, hoping strongly to further captivate and intoxicate the senses of true believing women, and thence endangering their souls as well as their purses, it is, consequently ordained, in the name of the Avenger of all Incongruities, that caution and discretion be inculcated by husbands and male relatives, and that the pernicious practice of frequenting these infidel traps of destruction be put an end to. Let this serve as a warning, or all parties will eat considerable dirt in this world and in the next."

The Boundary Line.

The American party now engaged in running the Northern Boundary Line, are Major Graham's detachment, and they are acting under orders of the General Government, for the purpose of authenticating facts in connection with the final settlement of the boundary dispute.

The New York American says, that when the British Commissioners run their line, no opposition was made by American residents on the border; and it will be signally unfortunate if less courteous treatment should be extended to our surveying parties.

However this be—the very rumor that there may be collisions, taken in connection with our other unsettled questions with England, and the nearly defenceless condition of our sea coast and interior line, is fitted to excite serious thought.

The Bangor Whig states, that two companies of United States troops have been ordered to the disputed territory, to relieve the civil posse maintained there by Maine and Massachusetts. One company is to be stationed at the Aroostook and the other at Fish river. This is the first time the United States have entered upon the disputed territory. The Government, the Whig says, complied with the request of Governor Kent in sending troops there, and the United States have now assumed the post of responsibility, saving at the same time, all the jurisdictional rights of Maine.

Harnden's Express.

Too much praise cannot be awarded to Mr. Harnden for the manner in which he conducts his express. The public will not soon forget his late signal service to the writers of letters addressed to Europe by the Acadia. Having received in New York late on Saturday night the letters which had been confided to his care in Philadelphia, to be sent by the Acadia, with his usual enterprise he immediately started an express and delivered them in Boston in time to go by the steamer, on Monday. Otherwise these letters would have shared the fate of about *one thousand others* and a bag of *Government despatches*, which did not arrive in Boston until after the departure of the Acadia. Mr. Harnden offered to forward the despatches as well as the other letters, but the Post-office deemed the mail would be in time. The consequence was, that the *to be bearer* of the despatches, was forced to sail without his documents, his orders being peremptory to sail in the Acadia. Large numbers of merchants were also disappointed by this delay.

Mr. Harnden is of great service to our city, and ought to be patronised by all. He never fails in his promises, forwards at a very low price, and uses the utmost despatch.

The Bankrupt Bill.

The bill establishing a uniform system of bankruptcy in the United States, has passed Congress, it will be seen, and received the sanction of the President. In our paper of the 7th inst., we gave a copy of this document, to which we refer for its provisions. The bill goes into operation on the first day of February, 1842. There are thousands already anxious to avail themselves of its aid, and many mercantile men, who are unhappily insolvent, and who have for years waited for such an act, will now be enabled to re-enter into business.

The measure was carried through Congress by the votes of Whigs—the opposition going in a body against the bill. It is said that a strong effort will be made, at the next session of the House, to repeal the measure, and some of the partizan journals opposed to the present government, even say the bill is, in its present shape, unconstitutional. This we give as a mere *on dit*.

Whatever may be the determination of the courts of law on this matter however, we are sure a bankrupt bill, honestly administered, would be hailed with general approbation.

The Steamboat Erie.

The Coroner's jury, summoned to inquire into the circumstances connected with the death of one of the passengers on board the Erie, brought in a verdict that the fire in said boat was caused by the bursting of a demijohn of spirits of turpentine standing on the boiler deck, and which burst by reason of the heat of the boilers, that the destruction of said boat was accidental, that she was a first-rate boat, completely furnished with means for extinguishing fire, and that more than ordinary means for the safety of the boat and passengers had been provided. The jury recommend boat owners to furnish their boats with a sufficient number of life boats, to sustain all passengers they may carry; also, as auxiliary, to carry a suitable number of pine or whitewood plank, (say ten feet long and from twelve to sixteen inches wide,) with rope loops, and a rope sufficiently long to reach the water from the deck, also life preservers sufficient for one hundred passengers, and that they be inflated and placed in the berths immediately after leaving port. These precautions, the jury think, will tend greatly to the safety of passengers.

Wilmington Whaling Company.

It has been stated that the Wilmington Whaling Company has declared a dividend of seven per cent. We might add, as this is the first dividend, that the Company met with an almost dead loss on their first adventure. They lost the ship North America last year, and have also taken ten thousand dollars of their earnings and applied to the regular business, and yet make the dividend from profits. Their vessels are all new "fitted out;" no new expenses, therefore, are to accrue before new returns are made. The Jefferson, when last heard from, had an excellent cargo, one of the best ever taken. She is looked for immediately, and if she arrives without accident from storms or other causes, the sale of her cargo will warrant another dividend about equal to that now declared. We congratulate the Stockholders on this result, and especially do we felicitate our Wilmington friends on the benefits of their enterprise to their stirring little city, which feels the advantage of such business.

Votes of the States.

On looking over the returns of the late Presidential election, one cannot but be struck with the disparity of the popular vote, in some of the States, as compared with the electoral vote. Thus, the voters of Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, do not equal in the aggregate, the voters of the single State of New York. By comparing Virginia with Massachusetts, it will be seen that the latter has 124,444 votes, while Virginia has only 86,394. And yet Virginia has 23 electoral votes and Massachusetts only 14. In Illinois, the vote stood at the last Presidential contest 92,915—and in Virginia, 86,394. And yet, Illinois had only 5 electoral votes and Virginia 23. Of course, the matter is explained in some sense by a provision in the Constitution, which permits the Slave States to estimate their slaves in their electoral votes.

Fiscal Corporation.

It will be seen by reference to the Congressional proceedings, that the Fiscal Corporation Bill has been received in the Senate, and referred to a Select Committee of five.

We hear various conjectures, says the U. S. Gazette, whose Whig principles are well known, as to the fate of this Bill with the Executive. By some it is asserted that Mr. Tyler will reluctantly sign it; by others it is positively declared that he will veto it. We do not know what authority there is for these contrary opinions, but we imagine that no one is authorized by the President *himself* to make any such assertion. But we believe the President has expressed to particular friends a wish that the whole subject should be postponed until the next session of Congress.

Arrived.

Among the passengers recently from Havre, by the packet ship Silvie de Grace, is Gen. J. Harlan, of Philadelphia, who returns to his native city after an absence of nearly twenty years, principally passed in India and Central Asia. During this time he successfully served as surgeon in the East India Company's service in the Burmese war; seven years in the civil and military service of his highness, the Maha Raja Runjeet Syng, Prince of Lahore, including the government of the province of Goozerath; and lastly, aid-de-camp to Dost Mahommed, Khan of Cabool. His time while absent is said to have been passed in a series of romantic adventures.

Appalling Calamity at Syracuse.

At about ten o'clock Friday night, a fire broke out in a carpenter's shop at Syracuse on the west side of the Oswego canal, at a distance of perhaps 100 yards from its junction with the Erie. From the combustible nature of the materials, the fire extended rapidly and attracted a large concourse of citizens and strangers, &c. and the fire department was promptly on the spot, and proceeded with their usual alacrity and daring to extinguish it. A barrel of gunpowder which, unknown to any one, unless it were the proprietor, had been recently stored upon the premises, ignited and exploded with terrible effect.

Not less than thirty persons were instantly killed, and from forty to fifty wounded, many of them so badly as to leave no hope for their recovery. The extent of the calamity is by no means yet known, as some persons were known to have been thrown into the canal, and numbers were missing. When the cars left Syracuse, on Saturday morning, at 6 o'clock, the citizens were engaged in letting the water out of the Oswego canal, in order to recover the bodies of those who had been thrown into it.

A railroad car was despatched to Auburn for medical aid, as it was impossible for the physicians at Syracuse, or in the neighborhood to attend to all the sufferers.

We subjoin a list of the killed and wounded, so far as ascertained by Mr. Sloat, before leaving Syracuse:—

Killed.

E. H. Hough, druggist.
Z. Dwight, livery stable keeper.
John Durnford, Jr. lawyer.
Jonathan Colhammer, wheelwright.
A. N. Cheeney, weighmaster.
Lorin Cheeney, clerk do.
H. Gorings, carpenter.
W. Conckling, butcher.
M. Maynor, clerk.
Isaac Stanton, stone cutter.
—— Baker, a boy.
—— Mentz, tailor.
Hugh T. Gibson, merchant, formerly keeper of the Syracuse House.
—— Lake, shoemaker.
—— Moffatt, bookkeeper.
Henry Van Hoesen, blacksmith.
Noah Hoyt, do.
—— Burdick.

Wounded.

Dr. Foran, badly.
Elisha George, merchant, do.
John B. Phelps, billiard room keeper, do.
D. C. Leroy, post office clerk, very badly.
Jeremiah Stevens, merchant do.
H. Sloan, tailor, slightly.
Jonathan Baldwin.
Jonathan Shones, canal hand, slightly.
—— Benedict, slightly.
S. W. Caldwell, merchant, very badly.
Samuel Hurst, laborer, badly.
S. D. Lawson, tinman, very badly.
S. Backwood, musician, badly.
J. Millan, laborer, badly.
J. Crowe, tailor, badly.
Wm. Barker, clerk, slightly.
L. Gifford, carpenter, badly.
—— Collins, butcher.
—— Austin, a boy, badly.
—— Wheeler, shoemaker, badly.
Mrs. Appleton, slightly.
Miss Ellison, slightly.
W. B. Close, badly.
George Walter, lawyer, slightly.
Richard Thorn, boy, badly.
Henry Hodge, boy, badly.
Benj. Higgins, boy, badly.

Five persons were found dead in Van Hosen's blacksmith shop, in addition to the above, whom it was impossible to recognise. From seven to ten more whites were blown entirely to pieces, and their remains can only be collected in fragments. Three or four blacks, names unknown, were also among the killed.

Another account is as follows:

It appears that the fire broke out in a wooden building, situated on the tow path of the Oswego Canal, near the County Clerk's office, and occupied as a carpenter shop. It also appears, that from ten to fifteen, and some say twenty-five kegs of powder, had been stowed therein by Malcom & Hudson. It was not known to the inhabitants, however, that this powder was in the building when they rushed to the fire, and hence the great destruction of life.

Soon after the people had collected, alarm was given that powder was stowed in the shop. "Powder! powder! There is powder in the building!" But this cry had but a momentary effect on the crowd. The mass moved back a step, then stopped, and in a few moments the twenty-five kegs of powder blew up with one explosion, scattering fragments of the building and limbs of human bodies in every direction. In three seconds the noise of the explosion ceased, and was succeeded by a deathlike silence for another moment. Then the air was filled with heart rending groans and frantic screams never so painful and appalling. All who have ever witnessed a gunpowder explosion, and heard the groans of the dying and wounded, can easily imagine what must have been the sight, the scene that was presented to the inhabitants of Syracuse on that fatal night?

In connection we give the following from the Syracuse Standard of the 21st inst:—

"The first person whom we met after the shock was Mr. Myers, the lock tender, a tall athletic man, with part of his face blown off, and his head and shoulders completely covered with cinders and blood. He begged some one to go home with him, and two persons readily accompanied him. The next was a person brought out dead, one side of his head having been blown off, and his brains fallen out. Oh, mercy, what a sight. From that followed other scenes which it is impossible to describe. All was confusion. Although the sight of the dead and the dying was horrible, it was scarcely less than that of the living, inquiring for their relatives—parents for their children, and wives, almost frantic with despair for their husbands.

Such is a brief and an imperfect sketch of this awful calamity—a calamity which, from the carelessness, avarice or malignity of one, or two, or three persons, has sent or probably will send, not less than thirty of their fellow beings from time to eternity, and most of them without a moment's warning. What a subject for reflection! Let those who escaped, feel greatful to that Good Being whose ways, though inscrutable, are always just.

The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

Awful Case of Suicide by an Artist.

On Tuesday morning, about 9 o'clock, a most horrible case of suicide was discovered in the the second story room of the building at the N. W. corner of Fifth and Minor streets, in the occupancy of John H. Lehr, Portrait and Historical Painter, who was found lying there the lifeless victim of his own hands. He was discovered upon the floor with the top of his head blown off, and a pistol beside him, with a book entitled "Montague's Essays" opened lying under the lower part of his head, by a Mr. Lossing, who, it appears, had visited his room the afternoon before for the purpose of enquiring after his welfare, but did not find him in. It was stated also before the Coroner's jury, that a report of a pistol was heard on Monday afternoon about 5 o'clock, by the neighbors, but no inquiry or search was then made to ascertain from whence it proceeded, at which time the horrid deed was no doubt done. Three letters were found upon his table unsealed, which were read to the jury. One was addressed as follows:

"Mr. Hentzleman—Dear Sir—I wish it to be distinctly understood, that I am not laboring under any insanity, hallucination or aberration of mind, but am in my senses, sane reason and judgment. If I am not now sane I never was sane in my life—of consequence if you report me as above for the sake of our clergy, you will tell a deliberate lie.

It is a satiety of existence, disgust for the world, a longing for repose, and contempt for men. I never asked to come here—I was thrust here, and most unquestionably have a right to go to sleep when I like. I am yours, &c. JOHN H. LEHR."

Another was addressed to Mr. T. Sully, in which, among other matters, he requests Mr. S. to finish a portrait of his (the deceased) father, which he had commenced. The other was addressed to his brothers, exhibiting generally strange notions in reference to a future world. In it he also made one or two bequests, and explicitly forbid any "canting" over his grave, but desired that Mr. Helverson, the undertaker, should attend to his obsequies without any solemn ceremony. From the evidence adduced, the jury brought in a verdict that "the deceased came to his death by shooting himself, while laboring under temporary insanity."

He was about 35 years of age, unmarried, and was a man of extensive reading and considerable talent in his profession. His friends have felt considerable anxiety for his fate, in consequence of his manifest contempt for life, and his repeated expressions to rid himself of the troubles and cares of existence.

Yale College.

The annual Commencement of this venerable Institution took place at New Haven on Wednesday week.

On Tuesday morning, at 9 o'clock, an oration was delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society by the Rev. Edward Robinson, D. D., Professor in the New York Theological Seminary, on "The subject of literature and science in our country compared with the old world."

At eleven, an oration was delivered before the Society of the Brothers in Unity, by the Rev. J. N. Maffit, Professor in the College at St. Charles, Missouri. The subject was "Genius."

The afternoon was occupied, as usual, by the anniversary exercises of the Theological Department.

On the evening of Tuesday; an oration was delivered before the Linonian Society by the Rev. W. W. Andrews, of Kent, Conn. and a poem by Nathaniel P. Willis, Esq.

The exercises of the graduating class were quite numerous, and very honorably sustained the reputation of the College.

Edward E. Salisbury, formerly of Boston, who has spent several years in Europe, and devoted himself while there to Oriental studies, was appointed Professor of *Arabic and Sanscrit*.

The degree of L. L. D. was conferred on Augustus B. Longstreet, President of Emory College, Georgia, and David B. Douglas, President of Kenyon College, Ohio. These gentlemen were members of the class of 1813.

The *Concio ad clerum* was delivered on Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Timothy P. Gillet, of Bradford, Conn.

Another Outrage.

The New York express states that as Mr. John Farrell, hood and lace vender, of Tenth avenue and Seventeenth street, was sitting in his wagon with another man on Tuesday afternoon, in Anthony street near the Five Points the wagon was surrounded by a gang of ruffians, one of whom, James McCready, seized Farrell by the collar and endeavoured to drag him from the wagon, as he said, to fight one of the bullies there present. Farrell absolutely refused to do this, and begged McCready to let go of him and let him alone; which he would not. The other man in the wagon then tried to drive off, but McCready and others prevented it by holding the wheels, and it was only after Farrell had purchased his peace, by paying McCready a dollar to treat himself and his comrades, that he was permitted to depart. He then went to the Police office and preferred his complaint, and officer McMahon arresting McCready, he was ordered to find bail in $500 to answer, in default of which he was sent to prison.

Foreign News.

Arrival of the Steamship Columbia.

Sixteen Days Later from England.

The British Royal Mail Steamship Columbia, Captain Judkins, arrived at Boston, on Thursday morning week, at a quarter past 6 o'clock. She left Liverpool on the 5th, and made the passage in fifteen days and a half.

The cause of the delay of the steamer beyond the usual time, was the severe gales she encountered. At one time she shipped a heavy sea, which carried away her bowsprit.

It appears that the Columbia left Liverpool on Wednesday, the 4th instant, at noon, and when off Holyhead it commenced blowing hard, and it continued very boisterous until she reached the banks of Newfoundland, and on the evening of Monday, the 9th inst., it occasioned serious alarm to many of the passengers. During that tempest her bowsprit was carried away; but the vessel sustained no other injury. The passengers all speak in the highest terms of the coolness and intrepidity displayed by Capt. Judkins during the storm.

The news possesses but few features of deep interest. Although another over-land mail had reached England from India, the intelligence from China is not so late as that received by the Akbar at New York.

We observe that distress exists in the manufacturing districts of England. Heavy failures have occurred, and a depression of trade is complained of.

The Tory majority in the new Parliament is said to be 66.

There appears to be some feeling on the M'Leod case; cotton had declined slightly in Liverpool; and money generally, was pretty abundant.

The M'Leod Case.

In relation to this case, the intelligence taken out by the Britannia had created a great deal of alarm among the friends of peace; and at the Stock Exchange, Consols immediately fell, in consequence of the decision of the Supreme Court not to liberate M'Leod.

The London Morning Herald, in an article on the subject, and in which it reviews at some length the report presented to Congress by the Secretary of the Navy, recommending the formation of a Home Squadron, thus concludes:

"Our own ardent hope is, that the United States Government, by a calm and dignified and dispassionate policy—unswayed by party demonstrations or factious demands, will yet forbear from any course of proceeding towards Great Britain which may ever give to this report any interest more painful than that of a statistical document of great accuracy.

If it once allow the clamor of unbridled prejudice and national antipathies on the part of a few noisy demagogues to impel it to acts of violence and bloodshed, such as at this moment they are endeavoring to force it upon, as surely as it will have thus recapitulated the powers of its injured antagonist to inflict the penalty, so certainly will it have ensured its visitation.

But we shall yet rely upon a sense of justice stronger than the appetite of vengeance—a sense of national dignity and self-respect more powerful than the influences of a cabal, or the animosities of a club—and a sense of the interests of humanity, in the sustained amity and mutual confidence of two mighty nations more vigorous than either."

The New Parliament.

A complete list of the new Parliament gives 292 Liberals and 358 Tories, making together 660.—But this does not agree with other accounts. The Morning Post claims a Tory gain of 82. But the Spectator shows a gain of 78 to the Tories, and 38 Liberals—giving a balance of 40, and counting 80 on a division to the Tories.

Sir Robert Peel.

There is nothing known yet as to any new Ministry. Sir Robert Peel had entertained his constituents at Tamworth, and made a speech from which we extract the sort of manifesto he thought it right to put forth.

"On a review of the declarations which I made in 1835, and on a review of the opinions which I expressed with regard to particular measures in 1840, I have nothing to retract. I entertain the opinions which I then professed; and it is my intention, whether in a private or an official capacity, to act upon those declarations. Gentlemen, I shall not presume—whatever may be the speculations as to the majority which the Conservative party may exhibit on the meeting of Parliament—I shall not presume to what manner Her Majesty may think fit to exercise her prerogative. I retain my opinion, that no Government in this country ought to continue in the administration of the public affairs, unless it possesses the confidence of Parliament; but, while I respect that constitutional principle, I hold in equal respect the prerogative of the crown; and it is not for any individual to presume in what manner that prerogative may be exercised.

Gentlemen, I am constantly asked what it is I mean to propose, supposing I am called to the administration of affairs? Gentlemen, I will answer that question when I am placed in that position. My advice for the present is, dismiss those who are at present in office. They have not the confidence of Parliament, and they have not the confidence of the people. Change your physician—the patient has not confidence in him. They found her in health, and left her in sickness; and then they say to me, what do you prescribe? But I'll wait until I am regularly called in. Gentlemen, I see around me some of my attached friends of the medical profession; and I appeal to them whether they do not cordially concur with me, that it is not fit that any man should offer the prescription whilst another administers the physic. No, gentlemen; he would be acting the part of an irregular practitioner—the part of a quack doctor, and not a professional man—who should profess that he had some invaluable nostrum, which, without being consulted by the patient, or allowed to feel his pulse, would prove a perfect remedy for whatever disease he might labor under."

The majority of the Tories will be 76 in a full house.

Lord John Russell.

Lord John Russell issued an address to his city constituents, in which, after commenting the past acts of his administration, he says:

"As soon as the new Parliament meets, we shall take the first opportunity of asking for a clear and decided judgment upon the policy we have proposed.

"The result of such an appeal may now be easily foreseen. In the English cities and boroughs there is a small majority in our favor. In the Scotch cities and boroughs, a very decisive majority the same way. In the Irish boroughs and counties there is also a majority in favor of the policy of the present Ministry. In the Scotch counties the majority will be the other way; and in the English counties that majority will be overwhelming.

"To those who recollect Lord Stanley's description of our English county representation, or who have observed the effect of the Chandos clause of the Reform Act, this result will not be at all surprising. It should be added, however, that the manufacturing districts have not as might have been expected tended to restore the balance. As no Ministers of the Crown can stand without the confidence of the House of Commons, our retirement from office will immediately follow the condemnation of our policy. In this altered position, it would be inconsistent with my notions of public duty to harass the Government of the day by vexatious opposition, still less to deny to the Crown the means of maintaining the reputation of the country abroad and internal quiet at home."

A Royal Progress.

The Queen and Prince Albert were making a royal progress through parts of England. On Monday, 20th of July, they left Windsor, escorted by a party of the 11th Hussars, for Woburn, the seat of the Duke of Bedford, where they were received with all honor. The Duke of Wellington was among the guests at Woburn. On Thursday, the royal couple proceeded to Passhanger, the seat of Earl Cowper, where like honors and entertainments were prepared for them.

On the route, triumphal arches, garlands, and large collections of people welcomed them.

France.

PARIS.—The "Three Glorious Days" passed away without any troubles. The usual ceremonies were performed. Extraordinary precaution were taken to preserve the peace—the soldiers kept constantly in barrack—the cavalry with their horses saddled, and the King's Guards were doubled. Not the least disposition to break the peace, however, had been discovered.

The Constitutionel states that M. Humann has proposed, in the Council, to reduce the Budget of 1843 to the level of the estimated revenue for that year. This would enable the French Government to reduce considerably the army and navy.

A Marseilles paper states that the fatal disease which recently broke out at Trieste, was not the cholera, as at first supposed, but something very much resembling it. More than two thousand persons were carried off by it, and it was said to be contagious. It went as suddenly as it came.

French Africa.

ALGIERS.—No new "battles" are announced. For the moment, the natives are the assailants and the pursuers are ravagers; but although formidable in this respect, they do not, according to Gen. Bugeaud's account, appear to commit great havor among their enemies. A troop of Arabs had carried away a few soldiers and colonists—the Arabs were masters of the plain, which they traversed in every direction, burning the crops and the hay stacks which were not placed under the protection of the fortified points.

Portugal.

A distressing conflagration occurred on the night of the 14th of July, by which the village of Caparica was consumed. The inhabitants had been reduced to the greatest state of destitution, and without a habitation. The Government had ordered them a supply of field tents for temporary habitations, and a quantity of biscuits to be furnished for their immediate support; they are also to be provided with timber for the erection of cottages from the woods and forests of the state. The utmost commiseration had prevailed toward the sufferers, and a liberal subscription was opened for their relief.

Hanover.

The King of Hanover has issued a proclamation, explaining his views on the dispute between himself and the second Chamber of the State.

Half of it is devoted to recapitulation of his quarrels with the people concerning the constitution, and the final affirmation of the present constitution which subsists under guarantees pompously enunciated.

A Royal decree has been issued prescribing the mode in which the blind Prince of Hanover shall sign public documents after his accession; the signature is to be affixed in the presence of one minister and two persons to be chosen for the express purpose.

Arrival of the Overland Mail.

The news from China is no later than we have already received. We select a few items in reference to India, brought by the last overland mail, which arrived at London, August 2d.

In the Punjaub things still remained in the most disordered state. The Governor of Cashmere had been murdered. In Scinde affairs appeared as far as ever from a settlement. The Napaulese had become troublesome, and appeared to require a severe lesson. In Affghanistan things were comparatively quiet; Dost Mahommed was amusing himself in Calcutta, where he was treated with marked attention and respect. In Herat things were again quit, and Yar Mahommed was likely to give no farther trouble.

Turkey, Egypt, Syria, &c.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 13.—A Turkish steamer reached this place on the 9th, bringing despatches of a favorable nature from Tahir Pacha. His expedition against the Candiote rebels may be considered as terminated. After defeating the insurgents in divers skirmishes and encounters, two provinces submitted at discretion; and the third, with the exception of the mountains of Skassia, has followed the example of its other neighbors.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.—The following protocol of the Conference was signed on July the 20th, 1841, and is published by the Augsburgh Gazette—

"As the difficulties in which his Highness the Sultan was involved, and which induced him to accept the aid and support of the Four Powers, are terminated; and as Mehemet has fulfilled the act of submission to the Sultan, which the Convention of July aimed at, so have the Representatives of the Powers, signers of that Treaty, thought fit to recognise and consecrate the old usages of the Ottoman Porte for preventing armed ships of war to enter the Straits of the Dardanelles and Bosphorus. To give a constant and permanent sanction to this, and, at the same time, to give a mark of the harmony and unity which guide the intentions of the Powers, it is agreed to guarantee this, and to get the Sultan to invite France to join therein.

"As this agreement is intended to give Europe a pledge of the unity of the Four Powers, the British Foreign Secretary has undertaken, in concert with the other plenipotentiaries, to communicate them to the French Government, and to take part in the arrangements, by which the Sultan declares his determination to uphold the said rule, the Five Powers on their side making known their resolution to respect it.

(Signed) ESTERHAZY,
PALMERSTON,
NEUMANN,
BULOW,
BRUNOW.

ALEXANDRIA, July 16.—Colonel Napier is still here and his mission appears to await the decisions of the Porte.

Troops are now under orders for the Hedgas, the military occupation of which it has been found necessary to Mehemet Ali, every species of disorder and anarchy having resulted from the short period in which those countries have been under the direct dominion of the Porte.

Mehemet Ali has sent 8,000,000 of piastres to Constantinople—5,000,000 of which is on account of the tribune, and the rest is for presents to the Sultan and others. The Sultan was so much pleased that it was believed he would reduce the tribune.

LEBANON, &c.—The latest accounts from Lebanon and the Maronote districts complain, in most unqualified terms, of the proceedings of the French missionaries, (Lazarists) upwards of 80 of whom have been despatched to Syria. The object of these men, who act under the assumed authority of their government, is to preach disobedience to the Turkish rule, and to induce the Christians to look to France as their only friends and protectors; in short, to bid defiance to the edicts of the Sultan and the orders of all Turkish functionaries.

Miscellaneous.

Lord John Russell, Secretary of State for the colonial department, was married by special license to Lady Frances Anna Maria Elliot, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Minto, on the 18th, at Minto House, near Howick.

Another disastrous fire broke out at Seville, in Spain, on the 13th of July, adjoining the scene of the previous conflagration in Entendimento street, which destroyed 73 houses, some of which had stood for five centuries. Seville seems of late to be a doomed city.

There were reports of outrages committed by guerilla robbers in Catalonia. Probably these "robbers" are a few remains of the fallen fortunes of Don Carlos.

Admiral Stopford landed from the Princess Charlotte at Portsmouth on Monday.

Accounts from Paisley, in Renfrewshire, announced a run of failures among manufacturers in the West of Scotland. They are principally attributed to the stoppage of the trade with America—to the general embarrassment of this country; and to the excessive facility with which the Scotch banks afford monied assistance to speculators, and the consequent overtrading. The Manchester Guardian says that the number of houses that have stopped payment in Paisley is thirteen, and that the aggregate of their liabilities is £300,000.—*London Spectator.*

Lynch Law Again.

By advices from the South, we are informed of the following startling particulars, showing the summary manner in which that law, more tyrannous than the code of Draco—Lynch Law—has in this, as well as in every other instance where it has been appealed to, been carried into effect.

Between the 5th and the 10th inst., Phillips county, in Arkansas, about forty miles below Helena, and the county of Coahoma, in Mississippi on the opposite side of the river, appear to have become the scene of mob and lynch law to a greater extent than has lately been recorded by the public press.

A numerous gang of counterfeiters had their places of rendezvous and the abodes of their families in the above named counties, to the great and continued annoyance of the citizens and the trading flat boat men on the river. Besides their encroachment on the peace property of the public in that way, they of late turned their criminal industry to horse stealing to such an extent as to rouse the citizens of the whole neighborhood.

The latter, headed by Capt. Barney Bradford, formed into a volunteer company of about 100 well armed men, commanded and led by said Capt. Bradford, Mr. J. Lunsford and Spear, from Arkansas, and Squire Forrer and Jame Howarton, from Mississippi, and after an active search of several days, succeeded in capturing 27 men, among whom we learned the following names, viz: Hugh Talley, Lewis Hingston, Andrew McLaughlin, Willis Pollock, Hugh Cotton, Elliott and Robert Hunter, the latter, lately from New York, Joe Merritt, and McCormack.

The volunteers used the following stratagem to seize the scoundrels. They engaged a trading boat at Helena and hid about 50 men in the store room; they then descended the river, landing at every place where they suspected to fall in with the counterfeiters. These depraved men came on board to purchase produce, with the intention of paying for it in counterfeit money. They were thus taken and secured in the boat. When the number had increased to 27 men, nine* of them were tied hand and feet, and, as the report says, drowned in the Mississippi, near Island No. 69, in the presence of two men, Harrod and Burgess, who it appears, officiated, or at least took an active part in the execution of the sentence.

We understand that the company is increasing in number, and intends to proceed to the mouth of White river. When our informant met a division of them they were in pursuit of a certain Merian Wright. When he arrived at Napoleon, at the mouth of Arkansas river, he learned that some six or seven dead bodies had been seen floating on the river opposite that place, and also that some of the counterfeiters who escaped had been seen passing down the river with uncommon speed, in order to evade their pursuers.

* We have since been informed that twenty-three persons have been drowned.

Interesting from Florida.

By the U. S. Steamer Gen. Taylor, Captain Peck, says a late Savannah Georgian, we yesterday evening received the subjoined letters from our attentive correspondents in Florida. They contain the latest intelligence from different sections of the Indian Territory. The enemy it will seem have been committing more murders, but from the active movements of the troops, there is a strong probability that they will be shortly brought to an account.

Correspondence of the Savannah Republican.

PILATKA, Aug. 11.

GENTLEMEN—Within the last two weeks, the Indians have twice made their appearance in the neighborhood of Micanopy. On their first visit they merely took a little corn from Tarver's plantation, (five miles from Micanopy) and passed on towards the north. On their second visit they were more bold. On Sunday last, a citizen by the name of Higginbotham, whilst on the road between Tarver's and Fort Harley, and about two miles from the former place, was fired upon by a party of the enemy, about ten in number. He escaped to Fort Harley. He states that his clothes were pierced in several places by their bullets, and the reins of a bridle by which he was leading another horse, were cut in two.—The news was taken to Micanopy about 12 at night. A party consisting of 50 men, commanded by Lieut. Whiting, marched at daylight, in pursuit. On the night of the 9th, an express arrived at Micanopy, giving information that a citizen of the Hogtown settlement had been shot in the early part of the afternoon. Lieut. Hanson left Wacahoota with a mounted force immediately on the receipt of the news at that station, and a party under the command of Capt. Holmes, left Micanopy on the morning of the 10th. Thus it will be perceived, that three parties are out, operating in the south, west and north of the Alachua Country. A scout had been out a few days before, which scoured the whole country, but there was then no signs whatever of the enemy—which goes to show that they do not remain stationary.

It is also reported that the mail rider, and another citizen had been shot by the Indians in the Ocilla, their bodies cut to pieces and piled in the road.

The mail rider was fired upon to night near Fort Holmes, which post has lately been abandoned—A company of Dragoons, under Capt. Fulton, is now in pursuit.

Yucatan.

The last arrival from Campeachy, brought files of the Bulletin to Merida Campeachy to late in July and El Siglo the 19th of that month.

It appears from the papers, that Gen. Anaya, at the head of a division of the Tobasco troops, was defeated by a force under the two Moldonado, near the town of Comitan. Gen. A. fell back upon the capitol, when Gen. Sentmanat, the Commander-in-chief, marched with his whole force against the Centralists, met and defeated them, capturing the leaders, with a large number of men, and returned to Tobasco with his prisoners, and a large amount of booty. General Sentmanat was wounded in the engagement, but was recovering at the last dates, and would soon be well. The Mexicans were dispersed in every direction, and it was confidently believed they would not soon again, if ever show themselves in hostile array, in Chiapas or Tobasco.

Gomez Farias, who last year headed the insurrection in Mexico, and for a while had Bustamente prisoner, and who afterwards fled to New York, has arrived in Yucatan, and taken up his abode in Merida.

The silk culture has been commenced near Merida. The Bulletin says the mulberry trees brought from New Orleans by Messrs. Almy & Robertson, two enterprising Americans, grow luxuriantly, and there is a prospect that a quantity of cocoons will be produced the present season.

There had been a destructive fire at the military depot on the isle of Carmen, by which a large amount of public property, including arms and ammunition, was destroyed.

Some spirited Yankee from New York has established lines of stages to run regularly between Campeachy and Merida, and between that capitol and Sisal.

New Publications.

GRAHAM'S LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, *September*, 1841.—The September number of this elegant and popular monthly Magazine is already issued, and in most splendid style too. It contains *four superb embellishments*, and is well stored with choice original articles, from the most eminent *American* writers. The leading embellishment for the month is a magnificent steel line engraving, entitled "Cottage Fireside," prepared expressly for the work, by Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Smillie, of New York, and cost the proprietor of the Magazine over *four hundred dollars*. The next is a mezzotint by H. S. Sadd of New York, called "Cottage Piety." It is an exquisite thing, and is the *first*, by the way, which that artist has executed for a Magazine. It does him great credit. The number contains also the fashions for the month, music, etc. The contributors to the number are Theodore S. Fay, author of Norman Leslie, etc. Professor J. H. Ingraham, author of La Fitte, The Quadroon, etc. Park Benjamin, George P. Morris, H. W. Herbert, author of Cromwell, The Brothers, etc. F. W. Thomas, author of Howard Pinkney, J. S. Du Solle, J. Ross Browne, G. H. Rayhold, J. E. Snodgrass, Miss Emma C. Embury, Mrs. C. H. W. Esling, Mrs. Lydia Jane Pierson, Mrs. E. C. Stedman, Jeremy Short, G. R. Graham, C. J. Peterson, Edgar A. Poe, and the popular authors of "Crazing in the Last War," and "Leaves from a Lawyer's Port Folio."

We offer two of the notices of the city press, in confirmation of the excellence of the number.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—The September number of this popular Magazine is out in early season, and the proprietor has spared no pains to give interest and variety to its pages. He has made arrangements with the following distinguished writers, who will hereafter be permanent and regular contributors to the Magazine, and some of whose contributions grace the pages of the present number:—Theodore S. Fay, Professor J. H. Ingraham, George P. Morris, Esq. Park Benjamin, Esq. Robert Morris, Esq. and Mrs. R. S. Nichols. The embellishments in the September number (of which there are four) are beautiful and costly. They consist of the Cottage Fireside, Cottage Piety, Colored Fashions, and Music. The Magazine will vie with any of its cotemporaries in merit and handsome appearance.—*Ledger.*

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER.—The embellishments of this number are a magnificent steel engraving of the Cottage Fire Side, a mezzotinto engraving of Cottage Piety, a colored plate of the Fashions, and a piece of Music. Among the contributors, we observe the names of T. S. Fay, Professor Ingraham, Park Benjamin, J. S. Du Solle, Mrs. Embury, G. R. Graham, Edgar A. Poe, C. J. Peterson, and other of our popular American writers. The work in all its departments, is sustained with ability and taste.—*Inquirer.*

THE DEERSLAYER, OR, THE FIRST WAR-PATH—*a tale—By J. Fennimore Cooper—2 vols.—Lea & Blanchard.*—Here is decidedly the best novel of the season, whether published in England or America. In it, old Leather-Stocking appears again, and is as entertaining as ever. As far as we have read, the story is sustained with unflagging, we may say, with thrilling interest and we promise ourselves a treat, such as we have not for a long time enjoyed, in finishing the perusal of the tale. Give us Mr. Cooper after all, for the sea or Indian life. As a depictor of incidents, amid the roar of the ocean-storm, or the dangers of our savage wilds, the author of the "Pioneers" is pre-eminent. Few writers could have kept up the interest in one character so long as Cooper has sustained it in that of Leather-Stocking. We cannot see that, in the present volumes, there is any falling off in this respect. Chingachgook, the Mohican, whose death-scene is so powerfully painted in "The Prairie," also appears in the present tale.

This novel completes—the author says—the "Leather Stocking" tales. Cooper has now followed the borderer through every stage of his existence, from the young scout to the trapper on the western prairies. The five tales may be considered as forming one continued story, in which the heroes and heroines of the several plots, are accessaries only to the history of "Hawk-Eye," around whom the chief interest, after all, revolves. The idea of carrying one character through several tales is one successfully achieved by Shakspeare; and we may also say, successfully imitated by Cooper.

We repeat, no tale of the season equals "The Deerslayer." Every American especially should read this last work—the cope-stone of a series—by the first living novelist of his country.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOOK, OR MAGAZINE OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE, *Edited by Professor Frost, A. M. September, 1841.—Philada. Morton McMichael, 57 South Third street.*—This is a new enterprise, and one which we think must be successful. The work is got up in the most creditable manner, and the number before us denotes marked ability in its conductors. Indeed the pens of Messrs. McMichael and Frost alone must give celebrity to the work. They are known as most accomplished and ready writers, and with the assistance of such pens as those of Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Rand, Messrs. Coates, Mitchell, Sanderson, and others known to fame, the "young folks" may expect something decidedly good. We published a prospectus of the work a few weeks since.

The present number is embellished with one of Sartain's beautiful mezzotints, and a number of well executed and spirited wood cuts, and the publisher assures the public, that Sartain, Sadd, Dick and Cheny, are all to contribute to enrich the pictoral department of the book. We can confidently commend the enterprise to the support of [illegible].

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF VALENTINE VOX, THE VENTRILOQUIST—*by H. Cockton—with numerous illustrations by Phiz—1 vol.—Carey & Hart.*—This work is got up in a very pretty style, similar to the Nickleby series. The illustrations are by Phiz. The lovers of humor will find much to amuse themselves with in the perusal of the adventures of the ventriloquist Valentine Vox, indeed, it second only to O'Malley and Lorrequer. We published some time since, in our columns, an article from the present work, which was one of the best things we had read for some time.

The market teems, just now, with works of fiction of which more or less must be indifferent; but for fun, humor, and amusement, for a wholesome after dinner book, give us Valentine Vox.

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR—*Vol. Six—Carey & Hart.*—The last volume of this long and thrilling story, has just been laid upon our table, but as "all is well that ends well" we will not complain of the *length* to which the author allowed himself to run in writing the novel. Though somewhat spun out, there are many pages of great power scattered through the work, and the two last volumes especially, are among the most interesting books we have ever read. It delights us to find the Aubrey's restored to their rights, and to see villany get its reward.

THE KNICKERBOCKER, *for August*.—This Magazine, which is now published by Otis Broders & Co., is rather late upon our table, some new arrangement having delayed it. It is an excellent number, and is filled with choice papers. Two of the best are the Quod Correspondence, and the Poem by G. D. Prentice, Esq. The Magazine may be had of Messrs. Drew & Scammel, of this city, whose enterprise in the periodical business brings the best works to their hands.

THE ANCIENT REGIME—*McMichael's cheap edition.*—The publisher of the Young People's Book has just issued a capital edition of James's recent novel, the Ancient Regime, for 50 cents. It is got out in beautiful style, and is certainly one of the cheapest books we have seen. The work can be mailed to any part of the country by endorsing the amount, post paid, to the publisher, and but few, we presume, will pass by such an opportunity.

Suicide.

On Monday afternoon about three o'clock, the residents in the neighborhood of Rittenhouse and Harrison streets, in the south-western part of the city, were surprised by a discharge of fire-arms, which proceeded from the residence of Mr. Chas. P. Heath, at the corner of Harrison street. Upon enquiry being made it was ascertained that Mr. Heath had, in a fit of temporary derangement, induced by imaginary difficulties, committed suicide by blowing his brains out with a rifle. When found he was lying on a bed in the garret perfectly dead, the charge having entered his left ear and out at the top of the head, tearing off a portion of the skull and spattering the brains upon the ceiling and the walls, the shot passing out of the dormer window, leaving small round holes in the panes making their passage. The deceased had gone out in the morning with his father, stopping at various places of business, and had appeared in good spirits. Shortly after returning to the house, he went up stairs, and in a few minutes the report of the rifle was heard. He had laid down on the bed and placed beside him the rifle, the muzzle to his ear, and after bending his head around so as to make the fatal shot certain, he pushed the trigger with a cane, and in a moment was launched into eternity. Upon the table in the room was found a paper declaring his determination. The Coroner held an inquest on the body in the course of the afternoon, and the jury returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death by shooting himself with a rifle, while laboring under a temporary derangement. Mr. Heath was about 38 years of age and unmarried.

Daring Outrage.

The Norfolk Beacon of Monday last gives an account of a daring outrage perpetrated on two respectable females, named Mrs. Lambert and Mrs. Cooper, residing near Bowdoin's Ferry, who, whilst returning home were waylaid by a stout negro fellow, near Mount Zion Meeting House, who struck Mrs. Cooper so severe a blow with a club on the forehead, that she fell senseless to the ground. The wretch then struck Mrs. Lambert also, and she fell in the cart. The horse then took fright, and set off at full speed, and did not stop until he reached the residence of Mrs. Lambert. The father of Mrs. L. and a neighbor of his immediately went in pursuit of the villain, took him whilst in the act of gathering up some articles which had fallen from the cart, and after receiving aid, brought him to Norfolk.

SATURDAY POST.

Terms of Subscription, &c.

$2 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to frank their letters addressed to us. The word "free" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

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Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office removed from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Travelling Agents.

☞ John H. Thompson, & Co. of Wheeling, Va. have been appointed agents for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine. Subscribers at that place, and those wishing to subscribe for either periodical, will be kind enough to call on him.

☞ I. E. James is our general travelling agent, assisted by O. H. P. Stem. Subscribers and local agents upon whom they may call will oblige us by settling with them.

☞ Thomas Severn, Esq. is our travelling agent for the State of New York, for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine, and subscribers upon whom he may call, will oblige us, by settling their accounts with him.

☞ C. W. James, of Cincinnati, Ohio, our old agent is still authorised to collect and receive new subscribers in the States of Ohio and Indiana, assisted by H. M. Lewis and M. Meeker.

☞ B. G. Easton and I. F. Easton for Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, Iowa and Wisconsin.

☞ W. A. Pierce, for Pennsylvania.

☞ James Pierce, for New Jersey.

☞ J. H. Stevenson and John F. Johnson for Kentucky.

☞ Jacob R. Sensenman, Esq. of Nazareth, Pa. still continues to act as our agent for the Post and Magazine.

☞ Thomas P. Sugar is duly constituted an agent to solicit new subscribers to Graham's Ladies' and Gentleman's Magazine and the Saturday Evening Post.

☞ Messrs. Bradbury and Soden, of Boston, Mass. will forward the names and subscription money of any of our eastern friends wishing to subscribe for the Saturday Evening Post.

☞ O. D. Dudley, Esq. is our agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine at Norwalk, Ohio.

☞ L. Tompkins for the New England States. Subscribers who may be waited upon by the above gentlemen, will please liquidate their accounts at once. tf

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

		Price sold for.
200 shares	Vicksburg Bank,	5½
89 do	Girard Bank,	27½a28½
80 do	Union Bank, Tenn.	52½
64 do	Planters Bank, Tenn	60a60½
56 do	Phil. Wil. & Balt. R. R.	35½a35½
5 do	Commercial Bank, Cincin	85
30 do	Schuylkill Navigation Co.	46
28 do	United States Bank	13a14½
20 do	Far. & Mechanics Bank,	47a47½
17 do	Mechanics Bank,	26½
15 do	Exchange Bank, Pitts	40
6 do	Pennsylvania Bank	260a280
3 do	Philadelphia Bank	77½
2 do	Marine Insurance Co.	20
1 do	Louisville Bank.	78

From Liberia.

Extract of a letter from a highly respectable source at Monrovia, to Capt. Charles H. Bell, U. S. Navy:

"The peace which succeeded our war with Gatoomba has not been interrupted, and in all our relations with the tribes around us the most friendly feelings seems to prevail. We have been able, too, by the commanding position gained last spring to maintain peace among the natives throughout a great extent of country adjacent to the colony, and probably there never before was so tranquil a state of things as exists at this moment between Bo-Poro and Cape Palmas.

"The commerce of our people has increased rapidly from this cause, and has now reached a pitch of prosperity never equalled before. Indeed, I am inclined rather to fear the influence of such a flourishing trade will draw off attention from agriculture, which has this year become a subject of more general and extensive interest than ever before. A good many of our most enterprising men are turning their attention to coffee and sugar growing, both here and at Bassa. At the Government farm they have made upwards of thirty barrels of excellent sugar, a part of which is to be shipped to the United States. The influence of this successful experiment has already been great, and I have no doubt that next season there will be more than a hundred barrels made in the Colony. Premiums have been awarded this season for a great variety of articles of home production, which has had a fine effect in stimulating all classes to exertion, as the premiums are so distributed as to include what may be raised on a small scale by the poor as well as in larger quantities by those who are richer."

"You will rejoice to hear that the slave trade has been completely driven from our neighborhood. The stations at Gallenas and New Cess have been broken up. We have now about fifteen hundred miles of coast free from the accursed influence of the slaver. The Colony is in a state of prosperity never before experienced; and never were the prospects for the future so promising."

The Canton News.

The New York Sun Extra furnishes a few further particulars of the late news from Canton. Yishan had issued a Proclamation, from which we copy these paragraphs:

"These rebel barbarians are vacillating to the last degree, and his Imperial Majesty aroused to highest anger, and quaking with wrath, has commanded the Generals to advance with the troops, and most decidedly not again to allow any reasoning whatever with them on subjects of making peace.

"If there be those connected with the encampment and military stations who may wish to shift their duties on their superior officers, and do not forthwith attend to the necessary preparations, only such parties shall be held responsible for any evils that may arise through remissness.

"And, moreover, the imperial will has been previously, that the chief of the said rebel barbarian should be seized, caged and presented up at Peking, then to undergo the extreme penalty of the law. If the important position be not invested and strictly guarded, and the English, be thus allowed to escape far out, for this also will the various encampments and military stations be held responsible. The martial laws still exist—and most decidedly will there be no leniency shown.

"We issue this general proclamation in accordance with the late arrangements, and it is also proper to summon the sailors who are brave and resolute, forthwith to assemble.

"Those who distinguish themselves shall be presented to the Court for extensive favors. Important rewards and rigorous punishments are therefore within your individual reach. *Tremble and attend! Oppose not!* A special proclamation."

The above proclamation bears date April 6, 1841. Commodore Elliott has also issued a Proclamation under date of the 16th, stating that he had that day received another Proclamation from the Commissioner, and announcing that "Yanz and the high officers of the Province, having opened the trade and acted with good faith and wisdom, there would not be the least disturbance of the peace of Canton by the British forces."

O'Connell.

An application was lately made by a lady of high rank, to Mr. O'Connell, to obtain from him the autograph, in order to make part of a collection of the hand-writing of several "celebrated persons," intended for the Emperor of Russia. We have got a copy of the reply, directed by Mr. O'Connell, and sent to the lady at his desire, by the gentleman who acts as his secretary. How this refusal prostrates an emperor, and places a subject immeasurably above him! The following is the copy:

Merrion Square, Dublin, 16th of June, 1841.

Madam—I am directed by Mr. O'Connell to acknowledge the honor of your ladyship's letter of the 12th inst. and to express his deep regret that he is unable to comply with the request of so distinguished a lady.

"The fact (to use his own words) is, that the hideous cruelties of the present Emperor of Russia, perpetrated in Poland even upon women and children, have marked his character with a deeper shade of infamy than that which stains the reputation of the Roman Nero; while his satanic persecution of Catholic Christianity has reduced him beneath the level of the ancient Dioclesian.

"Mr. O'Connell, therefore, cannot consent, by any act of his, however slight, to appear to pay a compliment to so atrocious a monster."

He respectfully trusts that you will not consider this refusal as a personal disrespect to your ladyship, which it certainly is not intended to be. It is merely meant as the expression of his execration of a tyrant who has deserved the hatred and contempt of the present generation, and whose name will be held in horror by impartial posterity.

I have the honor to be, Madam, your ladyship's most obedient servant. W. J. O'N. D.

Farming on a Large Scale.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Indiana to a forwarding house in Rochester, dated

Michigan City, Aug. 11th, 1841.

"I have bought 10,000 bushels of wheat of one farmer, and of his own raising—and it is only about one-half of his crop. The same farmer has 800 acres of corn, and 2,500 hogs to fat next fall, together with lots of other spring crops.

"If you have any farmers in Monroe that can go ahead of that I will give it up. I have never seen fairer wheat than the new crop is here."

From all accounts, it is evident greater quantities of wheat have been raised in the new States this year, than ever before, and Western New York is compelled for once to knock under in large farming operations to Indiana. We are in no danger of famine for bread.

Latest from the West.

The Austin Sentinel contains the following:

"We understand from Mr. Lindsey, who arrived in town to-day from Bextar, that our commissioners, Messrs. Van Ness, Seguin and Morris, who have been despatched to Gen. Arista, were pursued from the Presidio of the Rio Grande, by a party of one hundred and fifty Indians and Mexicans, but fortunately reached the interior without being overtaken. A small party of traders with wagons, were robbed by Mexicans a few days since on the Plata. Capt. Hays, with his company, had reached the place where he killed the seven Indians, and entering the Canon, found the main camp broken up. From the tenor of a letter written by Arista, there can be no doubt but that he has acted toward this government with the characteristic duplicity so common to the Mexicans.

Congressional News.

Washington, Aug. 18, 1841.

In the House this morning, the vote by which the Senate Bankrupt Bill had been laid on the table, was re-considered. At a few minutes after two, the bill was passed by a vote of 111 to 106. There was but one amendment, which provides that the bill shall not go into operation before February next. The bill as amended was then sent to the Senate for its concurrence in the amendment.

On motion of Mr. Underwood, the bill for re-chartering the Banks of this District, was then taken up in committee of the whole. After some debate it was reported to the House with an amendment, authorising the Banks to issue notes of any denomination between five and ten, and ten and twenty dollars.

The amendment of the committee was then agreed to, and the bill passed. Of course the amendment has to be concurred in by the Senate.

In the Senate the consideration of the veto of the President to the Bank bill, was again postponed until to-morrow.

After some debate on the Distribution bill it was temporarily laid aside, for the purpose of considering the amendment of the House to the Bankrupt bill. After some debate the amendment was concurred in. So it only requires the signature of the President to become a law. This will be important news.

Washington, Aug. 19, 1841.

The debate on the Veto Message of the President has commenced at last. At twelve o'clock the subject was called up, and Mr. Clay of Kentucky, "led off." After a critical examination of the message from beginning to end, he endeavored to show that Mr. Tyler had not acted in good faith to the party who elected him. Mr. Clay gave a detailed statement of the circumstances attending the elevation of Mr. Tyler to the Presidential chair, and said when he read the proclamation of the latter, he felt confident that Mr. T. would carry out the policy of President Harrison. He then proceeded to say how greatly he had been disappointed by the "veto," and intimated that the President was guilty of perfidy. In closing his remarks Mr. Clay adverted to the fact of a new *project* being prepared by his friends, of an Exchange Bank only, but said he could never co-operate with them in such a scheme. If, however, they thought it would be in any way beneficial to the country, he wished them God speed.

Mr. Rives then entered the lists and defended the President. A rejoinder was made by Mr. Clay, and there was no sign of an adjournment when I left the Senate.

In the House, a number of petitions relating to the currency, etc. were presented and referred.

Mr. Gilmer, from the committee on ways and means, to whom had been referred a communication from the President relative to the statue of Washington, reported a bill making an appropriation for defraying the expense of placing the statue in the rotundo, which bill was read twice and referred.

A bill was reported from the ways and means, making appropriation for defraying the charges attendant on the funeral of the late President Harrison. It was read and referred to a committee of the whole. As a statement of the various items was ordered to be printed, I think we shall have some debate on the bill before its passage.

The amendment of the Senate to the House bill, providing for certain fortifications, were then taken up and debated for some hours in Committee of the Whole. The amendments provide for the defence of the Northern frontier.

During the debate Mr. Eastman opposed the amendments, on the ground that so long as Mr. Webster remained Secretary of State there was no danger of a war with Great Britain. In proof of this, Mr. E. referred to the course of Mr. Webster during the last war.

At half-past three the Committee rose, having agreed not only to the amendments of the Senate, but to certain other amendments of the House. The House then adjourned.

Washington, Aug. 20, 1841.

Last evening after I closed, the debate on the President's veto message terminated, and the question being again taken on the passage of the bank bill, it was of course lost—two thirds, the constitutional majority, not voting for it.

This morning, the amendment of the House to the bill extending the charters of the District banks, was taken up and concurred in. So, after the President has put his name to the bill, it will be the law.

The debate on the distribution bill was then resumed, and carried on until a late hour.

In the House, after the presentation of petitions, the proceedings of public meeting, &c., Mr. Kennedy reported, from the committee on commerce, a resolution relating to persons employed in our custom houses. It requires the Secretary to revise and condense the existing laws relating to the revenue, and to make a report on the same at the next session of Congress. The report will be made servient to a plan of retrenchment in the salaries of all officers connected with the customs and revenue cutter service. From every appearance, there will be a searching ordeal, and there will be few sinecures under Uncle Sam next year.

The resolution offered by Mr. Floyd, a long time ago, in relation to the interference of a military officer in the case of McLeod, came up in its order, and was postponed until Monday.

The amendments of the Senate to the fortification bill, agreed to in committee of the whole yesterday, were then considered. After some debate, the previous question made its appearance, when some of the amendments were concurred in, and others were not concurred in.

A New Bank.—On motion of Mr. Sergeant, the House then resolved itself into a committee of the whole, on the state of the Union.

Mr. Sergeant then moved that the House bill No. 14, "incorporating subscribers to a Fiscal Bank of the U. S." be taken up. It was taken up accordingly. It was then read through by the clerk with certain amendments recently incorporated. The reading occupied above an hour. The amendments operate as follows:

1. The capital in the former bill was to be thirty millions of dollars, with power to extend it to fifty millions. In the new bill it is to be twenty-one millions, with power to extend it to thirty-five millions.
2. The former bill provided for offices of discount and deposit. In this there are to be agencies only.
3. The dealings of the Corporation are to be confined to buying and selling foreign bills of exchange, bills drawn in one State or Territory and payable in another. There are to be no loans, or what is generally understood by "discounts."
4. The title of the Corporation is to be changed.

These are the differences between the leading features of the two bills; of course there are minor differences, to adapt the details to these changes.

Mr. Proffit desired to know whether it was proposed to ask the consent of the States for the establishment of these agencies.

Mr. Sergeant could make no reply, owing to the uproar which prevailed.

Mr. Wise started a constitutional objection to the consideration of any Bank bill at the present session, similar to the one which had just been vetoed by the President.

After a scene of great disorder, during which Mr. Wise stood like a pillar, insisting on his point of order, the objection was set aside, on the ground that the "veto" of the President was not formally in the possession of the House.

The committee then rose, when on motion of Mr. Sergeant, the amendments were ordered to be printed, and then, amidst a real hurricane, the House adjourned.

On Saturday, in the Senate, the Distribution Bill was under consideration, and gave rise to an exciting and long debate. Mr. Berrien brought up what he called an amendment similar to the one by Mr. King, which had been voted down the day before. Mr. King wanted to arrest the distribution measure whenever more than 20 per cent. duty *ad val.* was imposed by Congress. Mr. Berrien's amendment was to prevent the duty *on all imported articles in the aggregate* from exceeding 20 per cent. As few saw its drift, it came near being put to the vote, when Mr. Rives explained it and it was voted down.

In the House, Mr. Sergeant offered a resolution to take his Fiscal Corporation Bill out of Committee of the Whole, at 4 P. M. A tremendous debate occurred. The time was altered to Monday, when the debate continued. Several members begged to be excused from voting. The yeas and nays were called every minute. At length the resolution prevailed. The House went into Committee on the Fiscal Corporation Bill, and talked till its adjournment.

Washington, August 21, 1841.

In the Senate after the disposal of miscellaneous business of the morning hour, the debate on the distribution bill was resumed.

At 4 o'clock a kind of compromise was effected in regard to the amendment, which has been discussed for some days. The bill was then ordered to be engrossed for a third reading, by a vote of 28 to 22.

The remainder of the day was spent in an executive session.

The resolution proposing an adjournment on the 30th of the present month, was taken up and laid on the table.

House.—Mr. Marshall commenced his discussion upon the Fiscal Bank Bill at a quarter past ten o'clock.

Mr. M. began in a mild and conciliatory tone of voice. He rose, not so much he said, to discuss the Bill as to reply to the member from Virginia. The position that member occupied demanded some attention.

Mr. M. first pointed out the inconsistent course of Mr. Wise. He had gone with him in the opposition of the Bill vetoed by the President, and viewing the Compromise as made by the Whigs as too great, he was glad in all truth that the bill had been vetoed. How came it then that the two gentlemen were separated? The member from Virginia was in favor of a Bank and so was he. So far they were together, but not in their interpretation of the veto message. The member from Virginia thought from what he read in the message, the President would not sign the Bill before the House.—He read it differently, and was sure he would sign the Bill.

Mr. M. read here what the President said of the exchanges and discounts, and showed that the objections were to a Bank of deposit and local discount. Having made out a clear case from the message and collateral questions that the President was in favor of an Exchange Bank, he proceeded to defend very briefly the utility of such an institution. He did not believe the President would veto the bill before the House, but if he did he was not disposed to head him or entrap him, or do any thing to control him.

The Bill before the House he regarded as a better Bill than that which had been rejected. The basis of the business was in a great measure with the exchanges of the country, leaving the subject before the House as connected with the Bill. Mr. Marshall proceeded to reply to Mr. Wise in regard to the President, the Cabinet, &c.

Mr. Marshall's hour had expired in the midst of his reply to Mr. Wise. Many were anxious he should proceed, and Mr. Turney of Tennessee, who had moved to strike out the enacting clause, for the purpose of allowing Mr. Wise to speak for two hours instead of one, was appealed to, to withdraw his motion to allow Mr. Marshall a like time for reply. Mr. Turney would not withdraw.

Mr. Gilmer succeeded in obtaining the eye of the Chairman and addressed the Committee.

Mr. Proffitt followed in the discussion, giving in his adhesion to the opposition party, and abusing the Whig press and the Whig party in Congress. He regarded the rules adopted at the present session of Congress as tyrannical, oppressive and all that, and the course of the Whig party as unjust, &c. The Whig Press, therefore, were all wrong for denouncing him and defending this provision, and the Whigs were all wrong for adopting the Rules. The representatives of the press were accused of being here with bribes in their pockets and lies in their mouths.

The debate ceased, and the question returned upon the first amendment, to strike out the enacting clause.—This was rejected, 102 to 80.

The next amendment was upon the Bill itself, striking out all after the enacting clause of the first Bill reported by the Committee, and inserting the Bill reported on Friday. Efforts were made by several members to amend the amendment, but without effect. At a quarter to five the Bill was reported to the house, and the previous question taken.

Upon the main question—the passage of the Bill—the vote was, yeas 125—nays 94. The Bill was passed.

Washington, Aug. 24, 1841.

In the Senate to-day, after the disposal of memorials and such matters, the distribution bill was taken up and read a third time. The question then being on its passage, Mr. Tappan moved its indefinite postponement. Owing to the accidental absence of several Whig Senators, this motion stood a good chance of being agreed to. But Mr. Berrien managed to talk while the absentees were sent for, when of course the motion was lost.

Mr. Calhoun then took the floor, and gave his views on the bill.

Mr. Archer followed, after which, without taking the question, the Senate went into an Executive Session.

In the House, after the presentation of several memorials, Mr. Boardman, from the committee on public buildings and grounds, to whom was referred the petition of the stone-cutters and other workmen on the public buildings in this city, praying an appropriation for the continuance of said buildings, made a report as follows:—

That agreeably to order, the committee have had under consideration the said petition, and are of opinion that the prayer thereof ought not to be granted. The committee are satisfied that the petitioners are proper subjects of commiseration, but it is not deemed advisable to grant them the relief asked, because the designs for the works spoken of in the petition are not completed and approved, nor the material of which they are to be constructed determined on. Nor is it probable they will be during the present session.

The committee were, on motion, discharged from further consideration of the subject, and the report was laid upon the table.

The bill making appropriation for the post office department was considered some hours in committee of the whole. No action had been had thereon when the House adjourned.

This has been a dull day, with scarcely a soul in the gallery.

General News.

The Dead.—A few more of the bodies of those lost in the Erie have been found and taken to Buffalo, one of which was that of J. D. Woodland, of New York. The rest are principally Swiss and Germans. It was thought but few of the bodies of the Swiss women would be found, as they had too much specie quilted in their clothes to admit of their rising. The effects of each person are kept carefully by the Coroner in separate parcels, and all information coming to his knowledge is willingly communicated to the friends of the dead. A party was discovered at Silver Creek, plundering such bodies as they found; but they decamped, post haste, when a number of citizens went after them.

The Mayor Insulted.—Several persons were examined at New Orleans before Judge Preval, on the 8th inst. upon the charge of having opposed, abused, insulted and grossly assaulted his Honor, the Mayor, by playing water on his person with an engine pipe, at the fire in Camp street. Messrs. Patton Watts, William Campbell, James Byron, Edward Miller, and Frederick Hootey, having been identified by the witnesses, after due investigation, were ordered by the Court to furnish bail in the sum of $1000 each, to answer the offence before the criminal court. Upon their refusal to furnish the required bail, they were all committed to prison.

Death of another Missionary.—We learn that a letter has been received from Africa, at the Foreign Missionary Rooms, giving the melancholy intelligence of the death of the Rev. I. P. Alward one of the Missionaries of the Presbyterian Church. The Rev. Messrs. Canfield and Alward, after touching at Monrovia, proceeded to Cape Palmas, which is near the Kree country their contemplated field of labor. They reached Cape Palmas early in April last, on the 17th of that month the whole party was attacked with the fever, and on the 21st Mr. Alward sunk under it. On the 1st of May all the others had recovered.

War Vessels.—The Halifax correspondent of the N. Y. Commercial, under date of the 17th instant, writes—"We have quite a fleet of man-of-war vessels in this port, viz: the Winchester, of 52 guns; Seringapatam, 46; Crocodile, 28; Vestal, 26; Pilot, 16. The Cleopatra, 28, and the Racer, 16, were expected to arrive every hour. The Illustrious, with the new admiral, Sir Charles Adams, was looked for momentarily.

Several cases of yellow fever had occurred on board the Seringapatam, that had arrived from the West Indies, but none had proved fatal."

Steamboat Burnt.—We learn from the St. Louis Bulletin, that on the morning of the 12th, the splendid steamboat Missouri was burnt while lying at the wharf. She was the swiftest running boat ever built, having performed the trip from New Orleans to that city in four days and twenty-one hours. She cost about $52,000. There was about $2,000 worth of freight on board. The owners are Capt. J. G. Swan, George Taylor, Kennet, White & Co. S. B. Oplyke, Blaine, Tompkins & Barrett, J. & E. Walsh & Co.

The D'Hautville Case Again.—A law was passed at the late session of the Legislature of New Hampshire, in which State the Countess De Hautville is now residing, exactly fitted to her singular case. The law provides that if the wife of an alien reside two years in the State, during which time her husband comes not to claim his marital rights, she may apply for and get a divorce. This clears the Countess. It also gives her up her child, and puts an end to that *doubtful* case, as it was "cognominated."

Naval.—The U. S. sloop of war Cyane, Commander James Armstrong, says the Norfolk Beacon, dropped down to-day, from the Navy Yard to the anchorage off the Navy Hospital. The Cyane is bound for the Brazil station, and will sail with the Delaware.

The U. S. schr. Grampus, Lieut. Com. Paine, from the coast of Africa, via St. Thomas and Ponce P. R. arrived at Boston on Saturday week.

Alabama.—During the last session of the Legislature of this State a law was passed changing the District system of electing members of Congress to that of the General ticket system. This was submitted to vote at the late election. So far the District system has a majority of over 1000, although the Democratic candidate for Governor in the same counties, has a majority of over 5000.

Another Girard Dead.—The rich Henry Brevourt, of New York, died on Sunday last, at the age of 100 years. He, with two other brothers, bought originally three strips of land, running from the Bowery to the 5th avenue, between 9th and 14th streets, New York. He held on to his share, and although it cost but $500, it is now worth over *two millions* of dollars!

Secret Weapons Prohibited.—The City Council of Tallahassee have passed an ordinance by which a fine of *two hundred dollars* is inflicted upon any person who may be found wearing secret weapons, such as pistols, bowie-knives, dirks, &c. It is to be hoped that the fine will be enforced, and the cowardly practice, which leads to so many murders, be entirely suppressed.

The Fishing Business.—The Boston Courier speaking of the failure of the Bank Fishery, says "Fishermen are returning with miserable fares this season. A gentleman engaged in the trade informs us that only 800 quintals have been landed at Beverly thus far, while two years ago 42,000 quintals had been brought into that port at a parallel date."

Fatal Casualty.—A young man named Samuel Cook, engaged in the Barytes mine at Cheshire, a few days ago while lighting a pipe inadvertently dropped a spark of fire into an open keg of powder, which was used in the mine. The consequence was a terrible explosion, by which Mr. Cook was so much injured that it caused his death.

One of the Hopefuls Caught.—The New York Advertiser says one of the young rascals by whom a girl was taken from a boat, on Sunday, the 25th of July, and shamefully maltreated, is in custody, and that the others, also, it is not doubted, will soon find themselves in a condition to pay the penalty of their villany.

Seized for Debt.—Several of the mail contractors in the South have had their horses seized for debt, in consequence of the failure of the government to pay the moneys due them. A bill has been reported in the House of Representatives, the object of which is to appropriate moneys for the payment of these debts.

Diamonds on the Wabash.—In excavating a lock-pit at Pittsburg, on the Wabash, Ia., a brilliant white stone, about the size of a kernel of corn, was dug out, which Dr. Locke, of Cincinnati, pronounces a veritable diamond. This is the first diamond ever found in the United States.

Loss of Steamboats in the United States.—From the late report of Mr. Woodbury, it appears that 1,300 steamers have been built in the United States, of which number 260 have been lost by accident. Most of these boats were lost on the western waters.

Unfortunate Occurrence.—On the 16th inst. a small boat crossing from Batiscan to St. Pierre les Becquet, Quebec, was upset by a steamer, and three females were drowned—Mrs. Radeau, Mrs. Gote, and Miss Mailhat. They were going to assist at a wedding.

Temperance and the Ladies.—A Temperance Procession recently took place at Rochester, in which more than 300 ladies walked. They bore a banner inscribed "Total Abstinence, or No Husbands."

Advance in Price of Wheat.—The news from England has caused an advance of wheat in the Baltimore market, and prime red wheats, sold previously at 127c., are now held at 130a133c.

The U. S. Consul at Matanzas.—Matanzas papers to the 14th have been received at Charleston. The American Consul was still in prison, and much excitement prevailed on the subject.

Agriculturalists in England.—It is stated that in 1831, the number of agricultural families in England, was 761,348.—Other families, 1,983,980.

Glass Bells.—A glass bell for a church was recently cast in Sweden; its diameter is 6 feet, and its tone is said to be finer than that of any metal bell.

Steam.—It is estimated that Great Britain now possesses steam engines, equal in power to 600,000,000 horses.

England has now on the stocks or preparing, *twenty-seven* large steam-vessels in addition to her present naval force.

Sea Island Cotton Crop.—The recent heavy rains at the South did great injury to the growing cotton. The Charleston Patriot says:—"On the adjacent islands the damage to the Sea Island cotton crop has, we fear, been irreparable. From Edisto Island the accounts are deplorable. In addition to the injury from rain the caterpillars have appeared in great numbers. In the Middle and Upper sections of the State the injury has been also most extensive. The bridge over the Congaree river, 4 miles below Columbia, has been carried away, and the fields for miles around submerged with water, while in some parts of Greenville District the corn crops have been nearly destroyed.

Steamboat Collision.—The steamboat Detroit, the St. Louis American states, ran into the Marmion on the night of the 11th inst. near that city, causing considerable damage to the latter and scalding a number of her deck hands and one passenger, named Madison M'Lane, residing below Pittsburg. One of the hands, it is said, cannot recover. A number of the passengers were seen to jump overboard, but from the confusion it was difficult to determine whether they were drowned or not. All the Marmion's boilers were knocked down, and the steam pipes and several of her timbers broken.

A Good Suggestion.—A correspondent in one of the New York papers suggests that the single seats, of which there are from one to two hundred on board of some of the steamboats, be fitted with a large piece of solid cork under the seat, which would make them life preservers, and not being locked up, would be always ready in case of fire, for every one to supply himself. In sudden swamping they would float off the deck with the passengers, and the most timid would grasp them till assistance came. How many might be saved by them.

Another Female Sailor.—A female sailor, only 16, and who had been three years on board a sloop on the Devonshire coast, was recently discovered at Brixham. She was treating a couple of lasses at a fruit garden with all imaginable gallantry, when a tailor interfered with her girls, which she resented, and a battle ensued, in which the disguised heroine was severely beaten, and the bystanders in offering to assist her, discovered her sex, to their great astonishment, and that of the tailor himself, whom she had so manfully withstood.

Fire in Maine.—The extensive woolen factory at Redfield, Maine, with all its contents, was entirely destroyed by fire on Friday of last week. The factory was one of the best in the State, and had been just fitted up with new and expensive machinery, and within a few days had received several thousand pounds of wool. Loss $35,000. The insurance expired about ten days previous to the fire, and had not been renewed. The principal losers are Josiah Perham and Josiah Perham, junior.

From Brazil.—The brig Exit, Capt. Noyes, arrived at New York on Wednesday morning from Brazil.—Capt. Noyes informs us, says the New York Evening Post, that on the 10th of July, Don Pedro the second, marched into Rio Janeiro accompanied by a large procession of friends, and was to have been crowned Emperor of Brazil on the Sunday following, the 18th. The city was gorgeously decorated on the occasion, during the day, and at night there was a splendid illumination.

Jamaica.—We have advices from Kingston to 27th ult. The prospects of the coming crop of sugar in that and other English islands was very favorable. The planters were much in hopes of having such a crop as to render the introduction of foreign sugar into England unnecessary.

The planting interest in the British West Indies has suffered severely by drought for two years. They are large consumers of our bread stuffs.

Bite of a Rattle Snake.—The Susquehannah (Pa.) Register says: On Saturday last Mr. Hubbell Wells, a farmer of that township, aged 70 years, discovered a large black rattle snake in his well, and while pulling him out with a pair of tongs, was severely bitten in the thumb. The serpent was finally killed and a portion of his flesh applied to the wound. Other remedies were applied and medical aid finally procured, and hopes are entertained of his recovery.

Corn and Potatoes.—The Germantown Telegraph says:—"The crops of Corn and Potatoes, the present season, may be set down as fair average yields. Some farmers, indeed, say that they will be heavy. The late refreshing rains have had an astonishing effect in bringing them forward, and they may now be considered as entirely beyond any danger from drought. Vegetation, even in June, never looked greener or more flourishing than at the present time."

Murder.—During the night of the 10th inst. says the Natchez Courier, the notorious James Foster waylaid and shot down, by the roadside, an unarmed man, an overseer, named Brown. The brother of Foster was with Brown, (they were riding home together from Natchez,) and made his escape by flight after Brown was shot—his brother, it is supposed, being determined to take his life also. Foster is yet at large.

A Rumor.—The New York Planet boldly asserts, upon the authority of a letter received in that city, that Mary Rogers had been seen in Pittsburg, in company with a Mr. Getchell, to whom she was supposed to be married. The Commercial Advertiser of Wednesday evening, however, thinks the story a strange and improbable one; but says they have often doubted the fact of her being murdered.

Off the Track.—The cars between Rochester and Batavia, on Saturday, ran off the track into a sand bank. Nobody was hurt, and the train shortly pursued its way, but the story had swelled largely when it reached Albany, it being there reported that no less than fifteen persons had been killed outright, while the number of wounded was almost incalculable.

From Tobasco.—A late arrival from Tobasco presents the state of things there to be very unsettled. Troops were marching from Mexico to subdue the Federalists, and it was the opinion of the best informed men that Tobasco would return to her allegiance before the troops arrived. A French frigate was at Tobasco, but on what errand was not known.

The Rev. Wm. Norris, an Evangelist Clergyman, whose name was published among the lost by the disaster to the Erie, has written a letter, stating that though he had engaged to go on the Erie, from "the slightest circumstance of not finding a truckman when he wanted him," he was prevented from taking passage.

Republic of Yucatan.—We understand that Messrs. R. Hoe & Co. the celebrated machinists, will in a few days ship an entire printing establishment to Merida, in Yucatan. It belongs to a Yankee, who intends to start a paper in the new republic. That country will soon be overrun with Yankees.

Robbing the Dead.—A number of miscreants from Buffalo, N. Y. were cruising for several days near the wreck of the steamer Erie, robbing the floating bodies of the victims of the late disaster. They were arrested by the police as soon as their unholy conduct was made known.

Thanatometer.—A letter from Berlin speaks of an invention by Dr. Nasse, professor in the University of Bonn, to which he has given the name of Thanatometer, and which furnishes immediate and positive evidence whether life be extinct in the animal life or not.

The Public Money.—The receiver of public money at Boston, under the Sub-Treasury law, has been instructed to pay over the moneys in his hands to the Merchants' Bank of that city, which has been chosen as the depository of the public moneys.

A Veteran.—Among the visitors in Portsmouth to witness the launch of the Congress, was that veteran of the press, Benj. Russell, Esq. *Fifty-nine* years ago he visited Portsmouth on a similar occasion, and witnessed the launch of the America, 74.

Great Rowing Match.—A rowing match is to come off in September, in Halifax harbor, between a New York, Halifax, and St. John boat. Each party is to stake one thousand dollars, and the winner to take the sweepstakes.

The Scoundrel Caught.—We learn from the National Intelligencer, that the leader of the party which was guilty of the insult to the President on the night of the 16th inst. has been arrested and held to bail.

Murder and Flight to Texas.—A Mr. Morris, of Gloucester county, Va. deliberately shot a neighbor of his a few days ago, and then started for Texas, giving orders for his family to be sent after him.

Cows Poisoned.—Two cows were poisoned in Claremont, N. H. last week, in consequence of eating the leaves of a black cherry tree. They died in a few minutes after eating the leaves.

City News.

Arrest upon a Charge of Arson.—On Sunday afternoon as officer Bramble was coming up Fifth street, below Walnut, he perceived a strong scent of gas, and tracing it, discovered that it proceeded from the basement story of the Adelphi. He entered the premises and there found a man named Palmer, who it seems had turned off the entire head of gas from the pipe, which induced the officer to believe he had a design to fire the building, and he arrested him. It seems that Palmer some time since occupied the cellar as a refectory, and that his goods had been levied upon for rent, but were still in the cellar. They were all placed near the door, with the view, as it is believed, of rescuing them from the flames as well as from the seizure. He was lodged in the lock-up house. We learn that he declared a week ago that he would burn the place down in order to be revenged upon his landlord.

Nominations.—The Democratic County Delegation made on Monday the following nominations:—For Senate, Edward A. Penniman, of Spring Garden; Thos. McCully, of Southwark, for one year, in place of C. Brown.

For House of Representatives, John Felton, Bristol; Thomas M. Scott, Southwark; John W. Ryan, do.; John Painter, Northern Liberties; J. J. McCahen, Spring Garden; A. L. Roumfort, Germantown.

City and County Candidates.—The Democratic City and County Convention met on Tuesday, and agreed upon the following nominations:

For Sheriff, James H. Hutchinson, of the city.

For County Treasurer, Hugh Clark, of Kensington.

The Convention then adjourned, to meet on Monday evening next.

Schuylkill Coal Trade.—The shipments till Tuesday last were 262,161 tons. The same period last year 224,025. Little Schuylkill, 17,966. Lehigh, 10,524. Delaware and Hudson, 92,170. Susquehanna, 10,525. The shipping of coal from Pinegrove has ceased for the present, owing to the scarcity of water in the Swatara feeder.

Unusual Speed.—The Inquirer says that the new steamboat New Jersey, belonging to Jacob Ridgway, Esq., came from Chester to Market street, on Friday last, in 55 minutes—distance 20 miles. This is the shortest passage ever made between the two places.

A Mammoth Tomato.—Mr. Rittenhouse, who resides near Norristown, took a tomato from his garden a few days since, which weighed 1 lb. 11 oz.

Distressing Case.—A Mrs. Mc——, the wife of a very respectable shopkeeper, with her husband, was put into the watchouse on Tuesday night, in consequence of a cry of murder emanating from the house in which they lived, and the allegation of the woman that her husband was cruelly beating her. On Wednesday morning they appeared before the Mayor, when it was given in proof by her husband and the family physician that she was laboring under mania-a-potu, and had been for some months, without the hope of reclaiming her from the use of ardent spirits. It was also proven that her husband was kind to her, and had patiently endured his afflictions until "patience ceased to be a virtue." The Mayor suggested to her that she should go over Schuylkill, to which she pleasingly replied, "that's what I wish, if they will only give me such things as I want." She was accordingly sent over to the almshouse. This female was indeed pretty, and very neat in her appearance—what a pity!

Very Sudden Death.—About six o'clock on Monday evening, Mr. Thomas L. Prector, a highly respectable merchant of Danville, (Ky.) called into the store of Messrs. Odenheimer & Tennent, in Market street, and asked if there was a letter for him which he expected to receive through their care. He was told by a member of the house that there was, who, upon handing it, asked if it was *the* one, meaning one from his family of which he was in expectation. The gentleman replied, at the same time opening the letter handed him, "No, sir, not *the* one," and while in the act of seating himself in order to read it more at leisure, suddenly ruptured a blood vessel, and expired in a few minutes after. He was a man of fine muscular proportions, and five minutes before was in the full enjoyment of health and spirits. A physician was on the spot at the time, but could afford no relief.

Death of a Member of the Bar.—We regret to learn that Samuel Chew, Esq. an eminent member of the Philadelphia Bar, died at his country seat at Morristown, N. J. on Saturday morning last. The deceased expired in a fit of apoplexy, and was found dead in his bed. His remains were brought to the city on Saturday, and were interred on Tuesday. A meeting of the members of the Bar was held on Monday morning in the District Court, at which resolutions were adopted deploring the death of Mr. Chew, and ordering the usual badge of mourning to be worn thirty days. John M. Scott, Esq. President, and C. W. Brooke, Esq. acted as Secretary at the meeting.

Fight.—The vicinity of Allen and Queen streets, in Kensington, was, on Monday night, the scene of a serious fight in which a number of persons were hurt. Such has been the case almost every night for two or three weeks. The difficulties exist among some of the firemen, and the outrages are committed by them. Where is the Police of that District!

Ploughing Match.—The Committee of arrangement of the Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture, have decided upon having a Ploughing Match, at the Society's Annual Exhibition, this fall. Every provision will be made, the Germantown Telegraph says, so far as the Committee is concerned, to enable the trial to be as fair and complete as possible.

Hydrophobia.—A dog apparently laboring under this disease, was discovered near the corner of Walnut and Water streets on Wednesday. He was killed by some colored men.

Close of the Bathing Season.—The bathing season at Cape May closed on Wednesday,—the steamboat Sun bringing up in the afternoon every visiter from the island.

Dreadful Loss of Lives.

The steamboat Sarah Bladen, says the New Orleans Picayune, August 15, arrived yesterday morning and announced the explosion of the steamboat Louisiana, with a most melancholy loss of lives. The following letter which we have politely been permitted to copy, from the captain to a mercantile house in this city, will best explain the nature and extent of the calamity.

15 miles above Bayou Sara, Aug. 13th, 1841.

Dear Sir—While running along last evening as usual, the head of the starboard boiler burst, carrying every thing before it to a heavy bank of wood piled on the forecastle. By this accident we lost three men overboard, supposed to be drowned, to wit, William Smith, Duckhard J. Goodman, firemen, and Harry Finley, colored fireman. We had six scalded, two of whom are since dead, viz. Jacob Cross Duckhard and John Henry, firemen. The surviving four are doing well and not in a dangerous situation, except one, whose case is doubtful. Of the U. S. troops there are some 12 or 15 missing and one dead. None of the officers of the army or of the boat are hurt, nor any cabin passenger. I am induced to believe that the most of the missing persons were either blown overboard or jumped over and were drowned. Several swam ashore.

Very respectfully,
LARKIN F. WOODS.

An Old Lady.

A correspondent of the Baltimore Argus states, that there is now living in Somerset county, Md., in the lower district, near the residence of the Hon. T. H. Carroll, an old lady named Mrs. Elizabeth Cottingham, who was, according to the records of her family, *one hundred and ten years old* last March.—Mrs. Cottingham can see to read without spectacles, and yet talk with good sense, and appears to have a sound judgment, and to exercise her mind about matters of a domestic kind, with a great deal of discretion.

Bad Breath.—This disagreeable accompaniment is always an evidence of a disordered stomach, or a corrupt state of the blood. The food, instead of being properly dissolved, remains undigested until it becomes in a manner putrified—consequently, a deleterious fluid called Septic Acid, is generated in the stomach, which mixing with the fluids of the mouth, not only gives a disagreeable odor to the breath, but is the cause of decayed teeth, wasting of the gums, and many other unpleasant complaints. *The Indian Vegetable Pills are a certain cure for bad breath*, because they cleanse the stomach and bowels of those bilious and putrid humors which are the cause. They also aid and improve digestion, and purify the blood, and therefore give health and vigor to the body, sweetness to the breath, and prevent a premature decay of the teeth.

Observe—Said Indian Vegetable Pills are for sale wholesale and retail at No. 288 Greenwich street, New York; No. 198 Tremont street, Boston, and No. 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

Philadelphia Market.

Remarks—The late foreign advices show that the grain crops were in a precarious situation in Great Britain. The weather had been wet and cold. The harvest has just commenced in some of the southern counties, so that the next advices will probably furnish us with something definite respecting the prospects of the crops. Prices both for Wheat and Flour had advanced—and Wheat had gone up from 8 to 10s per quarter. American Flour was quoted at 27 a 28s per barrel in bond, and 37 a 38s duty paid. The duties are, however, too high to admit of the shipment of American Flour at present prices.

Bark—No sales of Quercitron.

Coffee—A cargo from Rio and one from Laguyra have arrived, but they are both to be stored, until the subject of Duties are settled by Congress.

Cotton—Market calm and prices steady.

Flour and Meal—There has been a continuance of the export demand for Flour, and the receipts being still limited and the stocks nearly exhausted, prices have materially advanced. Sales on Saturday last for export at $6.12½ for fair brands Pennsylvania; on Monday at $6.25; and on Tuesday a lot of between two and three hundred bbls. a good brand, at $6.50. On Tuesday holders refused $6.25 for fair brands fresh ground Flour, and some have refused $6.50 for good brands. For city use the sales have ranged from $6.25 to $6.50, and choice brands higher. Rye Flour—Sales at $3.50 per bbl; fresh ground is held higher. Corn Meal—Sales in bbls. at $3.50; Brandywine is held at $3.75.

Grain—The supplies of Wheat arriving are very small, and there being a fair demand for grinding, prices have again advanced. A lot of only tolerably good quality Penna red was taken at $1.37 per bushel in store; $1.37½ is freely offered on the Schuylkill Canal for prime old red. We quote the range at $1.35a1.40 per bushel. Rye—Last sales of Penna. were at 68 cts. Corn—Demand active. Sales of round Penna. yellow at 77a78 cts.; flat yellow at 76a76½ cts. delivered; Southern flat do at 75a76, and white at 72a73 cts afloat. Oats—Sales of Southern at 42 cts.

Molasses—A cargo of St. Jago in store, was taken at a price not made public, for the New York market; 50 hhds good Trinidad sold at 24½ cts.

Provisions—The demand has been less active, and the sales have been to a very moderate extent at steady prices.

Sugars—The supplies of Box Sugars have been large, and the market has become rather heavy. A small cargo of Porto Rico was sold on the wharf at 7½ a 7¾ cts. Some Trinidad Brown at 7¾, and good White at about 10 cts—all on time.

Tobacco—The market continues exceedingly quiet and the transactions have been limited.

Teas—The arrival of three or four cargoes in this country direct from Canton, and other vessels being daily expected laden with Teas, have caused a decline in prices; but we have no sales here on which to base quotations on their present value.

Whiskey—Prices remain as noted on Saturday last.—*North American.*

Retail Prices in Market.

Beef, best, per lb	10a11	Pigs, whole,	$1a$1½
" middling,	5a 8	Pigs' Feet, set,	10a12
" Corned,	6a 8	Sheep Tongues, doz.	18a25
Veal,	5a 8	Fresh Tripe, per lb.	4a 6
Mutton,	5a 7	Mince Meat, jar,	$1
Lamb, per qr.	62a87½	Souce Cheese, lb.	9a10
Pork, fresh, per lb.	5a 7	Sausages, stuffed, lb.	7a 8
" pickled, "	6a 8	Blood Pudding,	7a 8
Hams, Jersey,	10a12½	Potatoes, old, peck,	8a10
Jowls,	4a 6	Do. new, ½ pk.	7a 8
Dried Beef,	10a12½	Apples, green, ½ pk.	6a12½
Beef's Tongue,	50a62½	Parsnips, qr. peck,	3a 4
Butter, lb.	20a25	Pickles, per 100,	37a50
Lard, "	10a12½	Beets, bunch,	3a 5
Cheese, "	6a12½	Carrots, bunch,	2a 3
Eggs, per doz	11a12½	Turnips, new, peck,	15a20
Fowls, pair,	62a75	Onions, green, rope,	5a 7
Chickens, pair,	37a50	Spearcase, qt.	5a 6
" " Live,	31a50	Lima Beans,	11a12
Turkeys,	75a$1½	Dried Peaches, ½ pk.	20a25
Pigeons, pair,	25a31¼	Whortleberries,	5a 7
Salmon, pickled, lb	12a14	Dried Apples, ½ pk.	16a20
" fresh,	20a25	Indian Meal, ½ peck,	8a10
" dry, lb.	23a25	Rye Flour, qr. cwt.	56a62½
Flounders, fresh, lb.	6a 7	Wheat "	81a87½
Halibut, per lb.	10a12½	Walnuts, peck,	25a30
Black Fish, "	9a10	Shellbarks, per qt.	4a 5
Porgies, "	7a 8	Hominy,	8a10
Perch, string,	18a31¼	Horseradish, root,	2a 3
Rock, lb	12a20	Honey, per lb.	15a18
Pickled Cod, "	4a 5	Grapes, per qt.	4a 5
Lobsters, live, lb.	8a10	Plums,	10a15
Terrapins, doz.	$3a$4	Gages,	18a20
Ducks, pair,	62a81	String Beans, ½ pk.	8a10
Guinea Fowls, pair,	37a50	Cabbage, head,	3a 5
Sallad, qr. peck,	1a 2	Rhubarb, bunch,	4a 5
" head,	1a 2	Squashes, each,	4a 5
Blackberries, "	8a10	Cucumbers, doz.	4a 6
Peaches, qr. peck,	12a31¼	Nutmegs, each,	2a 6
Pears, ¼ peck,	6a 8	Egg Plants,	5a 6
Green Corn, doz.	6a10	Watermelons, "	3a20
Tomatoes, qr. peck	3a 5	Sweet Potatoes, lb.	2a 3

There is but little change in the appearance of the market this week from that which it presented last week. There is hardly so great a supply of Watermelons, the season for them having measurably passed—but still the number is fully equal to the demand, and the price per 100 remains about as last week quoted, from $6 to $8. Other Fruits and Vegetables, especially Peaches and Sweet Potatoes, are more plenty and better than last week, with a considerable reduction in the price of both. There is a gradual increase of Poultry in the market, and some Game, though the price still keeps up. All the various kinds of Meat are as good, abundant and cheap as ever. Fish are also tolerably plenty.—*Public Ledger.*

ALMANAC.

Sept. 1841.	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water	Moon's phases.
28 Saturday,	5 27	6 33	11 41	
29 Sunday,	5 28	6 32	12 25	D. H. M.
30 Monday,	5 29	6 31	1 2	
31 Tuesday,	5 31	6 29	1 28	
1 Wednesday,	5 32	6 28	2 15	Last 8 9 14
2 Thursday,	5 33	6 27	2 55	New 15 4 6
3 Friday,	5 35	6 25	3 37	First 22 8 28
4 Saturday,	5 36	6 24	4 22	Full 30 11 28

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

ARRIVES.		DEPARTS.	
Eastern,	at 3 & 12 P. M.	Eastern,	at 8 A. M. & 4 P. M.
Western,	4 1-2 & 11 1-2 P. M.	Western,	5 A. M. & 10 P. M.
Southern,	5 P. M.	Southern,	5 A. M.

Married.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. George Wood, to Miss Harriet Neiley, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the same, Mr. Adam Conard, of Chester county, to Miss Elizabeth Jones, of this city.

On the 14th of August, by the Rev. George Boyd, James F. Bell, to Eliza M. youngest daughter of Mr. Joseph S. Snowden.

On Wednesday, August 18th, by the Rev. J. McDowell, D. D. Edmund Pratt, of Bridesburg, to Georgetta E. daughter of Christopher Weisner, Esq. all of Philadelphia county.

On Monday, 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Richards, of Germantown, Pa. Mr. Abraham Rex, merchant of Philadelphia, to Miss Amanda Malvina Hunter, of the former place.

On the 19th instant, at Trinity Church, by the Rev. John Coleman, Mr. William Armstrong, of Delaware to Miss Sophie Johnson, daughter of Freeman Johnson, Esq. of Nassau, N. P.

In the borough of Haddington, on the 19th inst. by the Rev. Caleb A. Lippincott, Mr. Anson Fox, to Miss Ann Hickey, both of the above place.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Levi Root, John C. Pomeroy, of New York, to Ann Coles, of this city.

At Warsaw, Ky. on the 27th of April last, Henry J. Abbott, attorney at law, to Miss Mary J. F. Gill, daughter of Major Wm. Gill, all of Gallatin county, Ky.

On the 16th instant, by Elder Wm. Wharton, Mr. John Ewen, to Miss Sabina Woolmore, all of this city.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. W. Ramsay, Mr. Thomas Rooke, of Norfolk, Va. to Miss Ann Elizabeth Miller, of Philadelphia.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. John Coleman, Giles Newton, to Elizabeth Duffy, both of this city.

In Lancaster, Pa. on the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Gleasner, Adam F. Aessig, of this city, to Sarah Schalcrozen, of Lancaster.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. J. F. Berg, Lewis Daniels, to Julia Ann Wall, both of this city.

On the 18th inst. by the Rev. J. McDowell, D. D. Wm. W. Fulmer, of this city, to Julia Ann Shaw, of Doylestown, Pa.

In Frog-Level, Caroline county, Va. on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Horace White, Marshall Oliver, aged 69, to Nancy Smith, aged 74 years.

On the 22d inst. by the Rev. John A. Roche, Frederick Smith, of Germantown, to Sarah M. Young, of West Kensington.

On the 23d instant, by the Rev. Joseph Castle, John P. Sloan, to Catharine D. daughter of the late David Lippincott, of Mount Holly.

Died.

At his residence, in Thornbury, Delaware county, on the 16th of July, of a short but severe illness, Jonas P. Yarnall, in the 40th year of his age.

On Wednesday morning, 18th inst. after a short illness, Mrs. Lucy H. Stuart, wife of James Stuart, Esq. of this city, and daughter of Richard Kimball, Esq. of Mount Lebanon, N. H. aged 35 years.

On Thursday morning, 19th inst. John Torrens Bruce Dunn, son of Wm. Bruce Dunn, in the 22d year of his age.

On the 19th inst. at 2½ o'clock, Geo. Conrad, son of G. Henry and Emma F. Meeke, aged 17 months.

On the 19th inst. Elizabeth Castner, wife of Enoch Castner, aged 39 years.

On the morning of the 19th inst. at Chester, Delaware county, Mrs. Sarah Piper, in the 72d year of her age.

On Thursday morning, the 19th inst. Mrs. Abial Veron, widow of Stephen Veron, formerly of Boston, aged 72 years.

On the 19th inst. Mary Ann M. daughter of Jacob W. and Jane Young, in the 4th year of her age.

On the 20th inst. Mr. Walter Kerr Green, in the 37th year of his age.

On the 18th inst. Mrs. Anna E. Dekker, wife of Francis D. Dekker, in the 50th year of her age.

On Friday afternoon, 20th inst. George Troutman, late merchant of this city, in the 60th year of his age.

On the 21st inst. Samuel F. Hay, in the 20th year of his age.

On the 19th inst. the Rev. John Sampson.

On the 19th inst. of consumption, Jeremiah Trout, Sr. in the 51st year of his age.

On the 19th inst. Josephine Virginia, daughter of Augustus and Elizabeth Baton, aged 17 months and 2 days.

At Griggsville, Illinois, on the 30th ult. Wm. Alexander, late of this city, in the 28th year of his age.

On the 20th inst. Susannah, daughter of Saml. and Mary Ann Elfrey, in the 5th year of her age.

On the 20th inst. Mr. Henry Poppe, in the 74th year of his age.

On the 18th inst. Adam H. Luffbury, in the 20th year of his age.

On the 18th inst. Charles Purnell Garrigues, aged 2 years, son of Wm. and Mary Garrigues.

Suddenly, on the 19th inst. Mrs. Catharine Murdock, in the 73d year of her age.

On the 17th instant, Miss Harriet Lehman, in the 27th year of her age.

On Wednesday morning, 18th inst. Richard Nutt, aged 18 years.

In Brooklyn, L. I. on the 17th inst. Abigail Robinson, widow of the late Lewis Robinson, merchant, formerly of this city, aged 72 years.

On the 18th inst. Mrs. Hannah Lauck, in the 75th year of her age.

On the 17th inst. Elizabeth, consort of James Arthur, in the 65th year of her age.

On the 17th inst. in the 25th year of her age, Mrs. Mary Ann Donald, wife of Charles Donald.

At the Pennsylvania Hospital, on the 15th inst. from injuries received on board the barque Madonna, by falling into the hold of the vessel the day previous, Henry Staples.

On the 17th inst. Mrs. Maria Reed, wife of Thos. Reed, in the 24th year of her age.

On the 7th inst. at St. Louis, Mo. Caroline R. wife of Henry Maxwell, and daughter of Jacob David, Esq.

On the 17th inst. Hannah Sweeney, aged 58 years.

On the 20th inst. Mary, consort of David Whiteman, in the 73d year of her age.

On the 21st inst. of cholera infantum, Wm. Joyce, infant son of George and Catharine Richards, aged 3 months and 14 days.

On the 30th ult. after a severe illness, Martha McKinny, wife of John McKinny, of the N. Liberties, aged about 36 years.

On Sunday morning, the 22d inst. William, son of Jos. L. and Mary M. Dutton, in the 19th year of his age.

On Saturday, the 21st instant, Gustavus, son of John, Jr. and Mary Wetherill, aged 22 months and 21 days.

On the 23d inst. Lambert Wilmer.

On the 19th inst. at Harrisburg, Pa. Mary Ann Halfmann, wife of Wm. Halfmann, Jr. in her 21st year.

On the 21st inst. Samuel Chew, Esq. in the 47th year of his age.

On the 17th inst. at his residence in Schuylkill township, Chester county, in the 81st year of his age, Benj. Morris, Esq. formerly of Philadelphia.

On the 21st instant, Mary Porter, widow, aged nearly 104 years.

COMMUNICATED.

Drowned in Bristol, Pa. It is seldom we are called upon to record the death of a son under circumstances more afflicting to the feelings of fond parents than the following:—On the 10th inst. at Bristol, James Harrison, in the 10th year of his age, eldest son of Mr. James Harrison. He had been amusing himself in stepping over a raft of logs placed in the water near Mr. Dorrance's mill, where he lost his balance, and fell between them in deep water, where after much search he was found by his distressed parents in the evening a lifeless corpse. The loss of a son so interesting and promising is an affliction of the heaviest kind, such was his character, removed while in the opening bud of his loveliness. His loss is deeply felt by his fond parents, but they console themselves by the blessed reflection

That their loss is his eternal gain.

Incendiaries at Mobile.

Several fires have lately occurred at Mobile produced by incendiaries. A correspondent of the New York Commercial, states that on the night of the 11th, two efforts of the kind were made, which destroyed one dwelling, one carpenter's shop, and three kitchens, all of but little value. Within the "preceding week combustible materials were found, placed under several different buildings in different parts of the city, but discovered in time to prevent damage. Several attempts at house breaking and robbery have been made, among which one of a very mysterious character. The city powder magazine, which is about a mile from the city, is built of brick and surrounded by a high brick wall with heavy iron gates, was broken open three nights since, and robbed of a few kegs and cannisters of powder. The object of this theft cannot be devised, as much labor was necessary to accomplish it, and so little was stolen." The affair created much excitement. The city police has been doubled, and twelve citizens have been appointed a Vigilance Committee, to co-operate with the authorities. Col. McCoy has also offered the services of his volunteer regiment, should they be needed.

Health Office, Aug. 21, 1841.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington

From the 14th to the 21st August.

Diseases.	Adults.	Children.	Diseases.	Adults.	Children.
Apoplexy,	1	0	Brought over,	34	48
Cancer of Stomach,	1	0	Inflammation of the Brain,	1	3
Casualties,	1	1	—Bronchi,	0	2
Colic,	0	1	—Lungs,	1	2
Consumption of the Lungs,	9	3	—Stomach and Bowels,	0	2
Convulsions,	0	12	—Bowels,	0	1
Diarrhœa,	1	10	—Liver,	2	0
Dropsy,	1	0	—Peritonæum,	3	0
—Heart,	2	0	Jaundice,	0	1
—Abdominal,	1	0	Marasmus,	1	10
—Head,	0	7	Morbus Coxarius,	0	1
—Breast,	1	0	Neglect,	0	1
Disease of Brain,	1	0	Old Age,	3	0
—Bowels,	0	1	Pleurisy,	1	0
—Spine,	0	1	Purpura Hemorrhagica,	1	0
Dysentery,	6	8	Sore Mouth,	0	1
Debility,	0	1	Small Pox,	2	2
Effects of Laudanum,	2	0	Still Born,	0	13
Fracture of Skull,	1	0	Suicide,	1	0
Fever, Remittent,	3	1	Summer Complaint,	0	33
—Typhus,	1	0	Stricture of Œsophagus,	1	0
—Scarlet,	0	2	Tabes Mesenterica,	0	2
Hemorrhage,	1	0	Ulcers,	1	0
Hysteria,	1	0	Unknown,	1	0
Carried over,	34	48	Total, 174—52 122		

Of the above there were 11 from the almshouse, 1 from the country, and 21 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

State of the Thermometer.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Aug.	15,	72	74	76
	16,	71	73	75
	17,	71	75	76
	18,	72	75	77
	19,	72	76	77
	20,	75	79	82
	21,	78	78	81

FIRE ENGINE FOR SALE.—A first Class Fire Engine, in good repair. Inquire of either of the undersigned Committee.
ROBERT P. JAMES, No. 5 North Third st.
ROBERT E. NUTTLE, 197 South Fifth st.
CHARLES P. LAING, 3 Laurel st.
aug 28 4t*

WETHERILL & BROTHERS, Chemists and Colormen, manufacturers of White Lead, Lead Pipes, Window Glass, &c. Importers of Drugs, Dyes, Perfumery, Surgical Instruments, Apothecaries Furniture, &c. No. 65 North Front street, two doors below Arch, east side. no 24-1y

THE MISSES RODRIGUE will resume the duties of their school on Wednesday, the 1st of September, at their residence, No. 56 SOUTH 12th STREET, 2d door below Walnut. aug 28-3t

THE PHILADELPHIA MAMMOTH.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE Saturday Evening Post.

A new volume of this well established and highly popular family newspaper, GREATLY ENLARGED *and improved, with entirely new type*, commenced May 1st, 1841. The paper is printed in beautiful type, and has received the praise of many editors of taste, as "*the handsomest family sheet in the Union.*" Our efforts have been directed to the combining of beauty and simplicity with utility and taste. The Post is printed on a stout white paper, rendering it neat and durable for filing. It is issued at the old established rate of *two dollars per annum* CASH, *or three dollars if not paid in advance*, and may truly be said, now that it is enlarged, to be the

Largest Paper in the Country

at the price it is sold. It has all the merits, and none of the defects of the large papers of the day, for while the earliest literary matter may be found in its columns, a judicious compilation of domestic and foreign news, with the usual variety of wit and sentiment, will render it a better family paper. The proprietors make no flourish of trumpets about the size and cheapness of the paper, or the firm basis upon which the "Old Post" stands. It is not necessary. It has born the battle and the breeze for the last Twenty-One Years, and has held its position in the midst of tottering and crumbling rivals, and has faced and buried all kinds of opponents.

The Mode of Conducting it.

The proprietors having for a long time deprecated the floods of foreign literature, indiscriminately re-published in this country, have determined, without altogether neglecting this field, to select nothing but the choicest tales and sketches, from the English periodicals; and they have made arrangements by which they can furnish these to their subscribers in advance of every contemporary. The editors will also keep an eye to the best American tales afloat, giving, always, the preference to the writers of their own country. We shall still continue the plan of giving original stories from popular American writers. The well known Author of "Cruizing in the Last War," opened the volume with the first of a new series of thrilling nautical tales. In addition to the old, a number of new Contributors will enrich its columns with choice and entertaining original articles. In order that the SATURDAY EVENING POST may maintain its high position, as the

First Family Newspaper

in the United States, arrangements have been made for a regular supply of choice and entertaining

Original Tales,

historical sketches, poetry, &c. We have been publishing for months past an unbroken series of choice original stories which have been procured at great cost, and have been widely copied and read. These we shall continue.

The News Department.

While it shall be the care of the proprietors to preserve for the paper, a high *literary* reputation; the great desideratum for a family newspaper, a carefully selected news department, shall not be made second in interest or importance. While every thing of note that is passing either in this country or in Europe shall be carefully collected or collated for our readers, a due regard shall be paid to the *character* of the matter. So that the paper may be with safety and propriety introduced and read in the family circle.

The Ladies' Department

will still be preserved, shall be choice and select, and shall receive strict attention. It shall be the effort of the editors to embrace in this department such selections of the floating literature of the day, as may be in an especial manner suited to the instruction and amusement of the female sex, and to combine the fashionable, with the truly useful and good.

Such things as may suit that important and large class of our subscribers.

The Farmers,

will not be overlooked. In order to gratify, as much as possible, the laudable desire of our readers, a portion of our attention will be devoted to the collection and diffusion of such news as may seem IMPORTANT TO AGRICULTURALISTS, and the population resident without the confines of our great cities. *The state of the markets* and the fluctuations in the prices, will be regularly, and what is of more moment, *correctly* given.

We determined at the outset, that while the paper continued under our control, it should be strictly,

Neutral in Politics,

and that as news, and literary journalists, we had nothing to do with the matter; this determination has been strictly and rigidly adhered to, and while we shall continue to give our readers, such public documents, as may be deemed of interest to all, and such a history of the progress of political events, as are strictly in keeping with our duty, and the character of the paper, we shall *studiously*, and thoroughly avoid any contamination of partizan politics.

THE TERMS.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, will be furnished at the exceedingly low price of TWO DOLLARS per annum, invariably in advance. We will send a copy to any person who may wish to see a specimen, by giving notice, *post paid.*

Inducements to Clubs.

As friends and neighbors often wish to club together to facilitate remittances, we will send

3 Copies for 5 Dollars in advance, Post Paid.
7 Copies for 10 do. do.

No New Subscribers Received without the Money.

We have no desire to extend our list, but with cash subscribers, and the paper is sufficiently established, to enable us to exact, compliance with this golden rule. The Post is made worth more than the money, and it must be paid by those who wish the paper.

To those who wish to subscribe, we would say, that the safest plan is to enclose the money in a letter and direct to us. Most postmasters will frank their letters if relating to nothing but the business of the office, and all post-masters who will be kind enough to do so, we shall be pleased to acknowledge as agents.

EDITORS who may wish to exchange, will please copy, and forward a number of their paper, marked with ink, to this office, and their favor shall be promptly acknowledged without fraud or delay, as is but too often the case.

Address GEO. R. GRAHAM & CO.
South West corner of Third and Chesnut streets, Philadelphia.

VALUABLE CHURCH MUSIC.

Sold by Smith & Peck, Booksellers and Stationers, corner of Third and Arch streets, Philadelphia.

Mason's Sacred Harp.—Or Beauties of Church Music, vol. 1. A new collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Anthems, Set Pieces, Sacred Songs, Scripture sentences and Chants; old, new, and original: including many new and beautiful Themes from the most eminent composers of ancient and modern times, arranged as Psalmody expressly for this work, stereotyped in round notes. Well printed on fine paper—neatly and durably bound in half morocco.

By Lowell Mason, Professor in the Boston Academy of music, and by T. B. Mason, Professor in the Electic Academy of music.

"Mason's Sacred Harp" has been published with reference to supplying a work suited, as well to the lover of devotional song, as to the man of musical science—a standard book, for churches of all denominations, singing schools, musical societies, &c.

No one man has done so much for church music in the United States, as Lowell Mason, Professor in the Boston Academy of Music. He has published the Boston Handel and Haydn Collection, the Choir, Lyra Sacra, Choral Harmony, the Boston Academy's Collection, etc. and more recently the Sacred Harp. Mason's various collections have all been pre-eminently popular and useful in the estimation of men of science and taste, both in Europe and America. The Sacred Harp is the Author's last work, and it contains the beauties of his other books with new music. It is a volume of "gems in melody and harmony," and may justly be called the beauties of church music.

The introductory rules, or elements of vocal music, are on the inductive method of instruction—very clear, simple, and much more full and complete, than in any other similar work.

Mason's Young Minstrel, or Gems of Melody; a new collection of Juvenile Songs, with appropriate music. *Stereotype.*

The public have demanded a new collection of Juvenile Music; and in obedience to this call, Mr. Mason has the "Young Minstrel."

The work will be found peculiarly adapted to Juvenile Singing Schools, Common Schools, Families and Sabbath Schools. The author has been careful to adopt nothing that would not be decidedly of a direct moral tendency. He has most happily succeeded in combining pure moral sentiment with amusement. In the department of Juvenile Songs, it is believed the volume is the most valuable and interesting one extant.

Mason's Sacred Harp, or Beauties of Church Music. Vol. II. contains old, new, and original Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Anthems, Sacred Songs, Duetts, Solos, Quartettes, etc. etc. The volume does not contain a single tune found in the first volume.—It will be a complete and independent book of itself, and will be sold separately. It is stereotyped from entirely new type of great beauty and perfection, procured expressly for it. The object in view in publishing an additional volume, is to furnish music of great variety as regards style, metre and adaption, to the various wants of the lovers of Sacred Melody. It is believed that very choice music so embodied and published in an elegant stereotyped form, will be found permanently useful, and will receive a patronage in some degree commensurate with the varied talent, labor, and expense that have been employed in its production.

Report of the Committee of the "Electic Academy of Music" on musical publications, unanimously adopted by the Government and members, March 14th.

The Committee regard the publication of musical works, arranged on the immoveable basis of science and correct taste, as one of the very best means of introducing a pure and elevated style of Sacred Music.

The Sacred Harp, Vol. I. has been before the public several years, and its striking excellence has been so generally appreciated, that it is probably not going too far to say that it is one of the most useful and scientific collections extant.

The Sacred Harp, Vol. II. has been carefully examined by your Committee, who cannot but regard it as possessing, in an eminent degree, that chaste classic beauty of melody and richness of harmony, which constitute "the soul of Music," and which cannot fail to render it a standard work.

It is confidently believed that the efforts made by the Editor of the "Sacred Harp" to furnish an extended variety of good, "Stock Music," and such as will be found permanently useful and interesting will receive the approbation of Churches, Choirs, and singers generally. C. B. FOLGER,
A copy of the Records. tf *Sec. of the Academy.*

WORMS IN CHILDREN.—Of all diseases to which children are exposed, none are so fatal to them as WORMS. Unfortunately, children are seldom free from them, and as they imitate the symptoms of almost every other complaint, they often produce alarming effects without being suspected. They are not only a cause of disease themselves, but by their irritation aggravate all other diseases, wandering from one part of the body to another, winding themselves up into large balls and obstructing the bowels, and frequently the throat, causing Convulsions, and too often death. The desired remedy will be found in DR. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, which will very soon destroy the worms and invigorate the powers of digestion so as to prevent a return of them. Prepared and sold at No. 20 south THIRD st. Philadelphia. 3m

RESTORATION of the Hair.—Haddonfield, N. J. Feb. 12, 1839.—Dr. D. Jayne—Sir: I take great pleasure in informing you that the bottle of *Hair Tonic* which I obtained of you last October has proved most satisfactory and successful. My hair had for a long time been diminishing. But for two or three years past it had so fallen out that my head had become almost entirely bald. I was under the necessity of concealing the baldness by combing the hair on the sides over it. But now, after using a bottle of the "Tonic," I have a luxuriant growth of hair as I ever had. C. C. PARK,
Late Pastor Baptist Church at Haddonfield, N. J.
☞ Prepared only by Dr. JAYNE, 20 south THIRD street, Philada. Price $1. aug 14 3m

IMPORTANT! ASTHMA CURED.—Putnam, Ohio, May 16, 1831.—Dear Sir—Dr. Helmick has used some 5 or 10 bottles of your *Expectorant*, and has found decided benefit. His health is better than for several years past, and his appearance indicates decided improvement in health. His confidence in your medicine has induced him to recommend it to his friends, and we are informed that many of them have been cured, and others greatly relieved. POTTS & GRAHAM.
Dr. D. Jayne. aug 14 3m
☞ Prepared only at No. 20 south THIRD st. Philada.

WM. W. FOUCHE, Dentist, No. 70 North Sixth street, below Race street, where all operations appertaining to Dental Surgery will be performed on the most modern and approved principles, and on terms perfectly satisfactory.
Fouche's Vegetable Tooth Powder, and Gum Restorative, for the cure of scurvy and removal of all extraneous substances from the teeth, price 25 cents a box. my 1 1y

AMERICAN POCKET LIBRARY
OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE. WITH ENGRAVINGS.
CONTAINING one thousand Receipts Directions &c. for the cultivation and successful Farming, Health its preservation and the Culture of Flowers, with Sugar-Beets &c. and the cure and treatment of Birds, Dress, Cows, Poultry, Deer, &c. The management and growth of the Hair, beauty and preservation of the Teeth, with instructions for the art of cooking Meats and making Bread, Cakes, Puddings, Pies, Preserves, Pickles, for making Ice Creams and various healthy drinks, &c. &c. Also, Canals, Railroads, Phrenology and an extensive amount of Political, Statistical, Geographical and General Information, relating to the General Government, and the various States and Territories of the Union. General W. Washington's Farewell Address, and the Constitution of the United States, entire with the Amendments, &c.
RECOMMENDATIONS.
It is a collection of good things, beautiful in typography, and excellent in arrangement. The condensed wisdom of volumes of learning, of investigation and practice. Experience, patient labor and a judicious taste, have made it a compilation to be consulted by the housekeeper, the merchant, the mechanic, the farmer, the agriculturist, the manufacturer, the politician, and in fact every class of citizens.—*Philada. Mercantile Courier.*
We know of no one better calculated than the Editor for making a useful book like the present. It is a perfect Vade Mecum.—*The Lady's Book.*
Seldom do we see a varied and interesting matter compressed in so small a space, or offered at so low a price.—*Christian World.*
A very valuable little work, containing a great deal of useful information in a very small compass, elegantly stereotyped by Fagan, from fine type.—*Saturday Evening Post.*
In fact, the book is a perfect multum in parvo, containing a great amount of highly useful information, facts and hints WHICH EVERY ONE ought to be in the possession of, and which, in the convenient form they are given, may be carried in one's pocket.—*Public Ledger.*
There is scarcely a subject which comes into notice in the daily walks of life, but what is here laid down and familiarly illustrated. The object of the compiler has been to make his book a COMPLETE VADE MECUM, and in this he has succeeded.—*United States Gazette.*
This is a capital little volume. It is replete with information gleaned from a THOUSAND SOURCES and of the most AUTHENTIC CHARACTER. The compiler must have labored for months in preparing it. He has consulted a large number of authors and has in short, embodied more useful information within the limits of a few pages, than ever be found in any volume of the same size that has ever been issued from the American press. THE PRICE is exceedingly reasonable.—*Pennsylvania Inquirer and Daily Courier.*
We have never seen a volume of the same size, embracing any thing like the same quantity of useful matter. The work is really a treasure and should speedily find its way into every family.—*Saturday Chronicle.*
The above are some of the numerous testimonials in favor of this really extraordinary volume. Detached portions of the work have been sanctioned and approved by the Committee on Agriculture of the House of Representatives, and by the Senate of the Pennsylvania Legislature, and portions of the Literary on Health have been sanctioned by Professors in the University, while among those who have aided to enrich the work, are Judge Hopkinson, Judge Burl, Josiah Quincy, Professor Colman, Dr. Ronaldson and others.
Portraits of the Presidents. With engraved fac similes of the real signatures of Ex-Presidents Jas. Madison, Andrew Jackson, John Quincy Adams and Martin Van Buren, addressed to "the citizens of the United States, and especially all young men," on the subject of TEMPERANCE.
☞ Editors copying this will receive three copies of the work.
Price 50 cents; ☞ 13 copies for $5, will be securely packed and sent to any part of the United States.
Orders through the mail must be post paid. Address,
THOMAS C. CLARKE,
au 21 3t 79 south Second street, Philadelphia.

HEALTH! HEALTH! HEALTH!!
RESTORED & LIFE PRESERVED by Dr. JAYNE'S Medical Preparations.
THESE medicines are recommended and extensively used by the most intelligent persons in the United States, by numerous *Professors* and *Presidents of Colleges, Physicians* of the *Army* and *Navy*, and of *Hospitals* and *Almshouses*, and by more than three hundred *Clergymen* of various denominations.
They are expressly prepared for family use, and have acquired an unprecedented popularity throughout the United States; and as they are so admirably calculated to preserve HEALTH and cure DISEASE, no family should ever be without them. The proprietor of these valuable preparations received his education at one of the best Medical Colleges in the United States, and has had fifteen years experience in an extensive and diversified practice by which he has had ample opportunities of acquiring a practical knowledge of diseases, and of the remedies best calculated to remove them.
These preparations are so generally known and so universally appreciated that it is only necessary to mention their names and of whom they may be obtained. They consist of
JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, a valuable remedy for COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, SPITTING OF BLOOD, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, PLEURISY and Inflammation of the Lungs or Throat, Difficulty of Breathing, and all diseases of the PULMONARY ORGANS.
JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC for the PRESERVATION, GROWTH and BEAUTY of the HAIR, and which will positively bring NEW HAIR on BALD HEADS and prevent its falling off or turning GREY.
JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE. A pleasant, safe and certain preparation for the removal of WORMS, DYSPEPSIA, SOUR STOMACH, FEVER AND AGUE, PILES, WANT OF APPETITE, and all diseases of debility, especially of the STOMACH AND BOWELS and ORGANS OF DIGESTION.
JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM, a certain cure for BOWEL AND SUMMER COMPLAINTS, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CHOLIC, CRAMPS, SICK HEADACHE, SOUR STOMACH, CHOLERA MORBUS, and all derangements of the STOMACH and BOWELS, NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, &c.
JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS, for FEMALE DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, COSTIVENESS, FEVERS, INFLAMMATIONS, OBSTRUCTIONS, DISEASES of the SKIN, &c. and in all cases where an aperient Alternative or Purgative Medicine is required.
The public are assured in the most positive and unequivocal terms, that in recommending the above preparations, no deception has been used, nor artifice employed to elevate them above their merits, but that it is now beyond dispute, that no preparations have ever acquired so universal and such deserved popularity.
Prepared only by Doct. D. Jayne, No. 20 South 3d street, Philadelphia. aug 14 3m

FRESH Turnip Seeds, Crop 1841.—For sale by the subscribers, Fresh Turnip Seeds of the following highly superior kinds, WARRANTED GENUINE.
White Flat Dutch, Red or Blue Top, White Flat or Globe, Early Garden Stone, Swan's Egg, Yellow Aberdeen, Yellow Stone, Long Yellow French, Large Yellow and Extra Purple Top Ruta Baga, English Norfolk, Yellow Maltese, Large White Green Top, *splendid for winter use*, and Dale's Hybrid Turnip. The above are all of the finest and most delicate flavored kinds.
Radish Seeds, in season—White and Yellow Turnip, fine for fall, and Black and White Spanish, for fall and winter use; fresh Early Cabbages and Cauliflowers for spring plants; Sea Kale, Hardy Lettuce of sorts for winter and spring use; Cresses, Mustard, Corn Salad &c. for fall and winter Salads.
New Spinach.—Riley's Bordeck Spinage. Description.—It resembles, in appearance, the Savoy, with the exception of the size, which is several times larger, and the quality far superior. The leaf is perfectly smooth, and the whole plant is quite hardy, standing the severest winters without injury. The seed should be sown (from first to the end of September) in drills on rich well manured ground, and the plants thinned out to one foot apart. Each plant is full the size of half bushel if properly cultivated.
"It must be considered a great acquisition."
Hovey's Horticultural Magazine.
Pickle, Gherkin and Mangoe Seeds, in season for sowing; Choice Biennial and Perennial Flower Seeds to bloom the ensuing spring and summer, the present is the best season for planting; boxes containing assortments, 20 finest sorts, $1.
Canary and other Birds, fresh Bird Seeds, Bird Cages, Cuttle Fish Bone for Canaries. Agricultural and Floricultural Books, &c.
With the largest and most complete assortment warranted Vegetable, Garden, Field and Flower Seeds of the choicest kinds and purest quality to be found in Philadelphia.
Catalogues of the entire collection sent GRATIS ON POST PAID application to HIBERT,
Seed and Horticultural Warehouse, No. 27 south 4 street, east side, above Chesnut street, Philada. july 31-tf

CURE for Deafness.—Scarpa's Compound Kreosote Acoustic Oil, for the cure of DEAFNESS, pains in the ears, and also all those disagreeable noises, like the buzzing of insects, falling of water, whizzing of steam, &c. &c. which are symptoms of approaching deafness, and also generally attended with the disease.
The application of the oil produces no pain, but on the contrary an agreeable and pleasant sensation. The recipe for this medicine has been obtained from an English Aurist of great reputation, who has found from long observation that deafness, in nineteen cases out of twenty, was produced either from a want of action in the nerves of hearing, or a dryness in the ears. His object therefore was to find something that would create a healthy condition in these parts. After a long series of experiments with the Kreosote, in combination with a great number of other medicines, his efforts were at last crowned with success, in the discovery of this preparation, which has received the name of SCARPA'S COMPOUND KREOSOTE ACOUSTIC OIL. It has been used in this country about one year, and so wonderful has been its effects in curing and relieving the deaf, that, from pure motives of humanity, it is now offered to the public, that all may have an opportunity of proving its efficacy. A long list of certificates might be given, but such is the confidence in the medicine, and so high has been its reputation, that no more will be made of them, knowing also, that the names of Dr. this one, Professor that one, and General such a one, when appended to certificates of specific medicines, are in the majority of cases all a "humbug." It is only necessary to add, that this medicine has been recommended and used by many of the best physicians and surgeons in Europe and in this country.
Full directions accompany each bottle. Sold wholesale and retail by D. JAYNE, No. 20 south Third street, Philadelphia, and also by most of the Druggists in the city. aug 7 3m
Price 2 dollars a bottle. Half bottles 1 dollar.

DAVID EVANS' Patent Water and Provision Coolers, Filterers, Fire Proof Iron Chests, Doors, and Hoisting Machines, manufactured and sold at No. 76 south Second street, south-west corner of Carter's Alley Philadelphia.
D. Evans still continues to manufacture his Patent Water and Provision Coolers or Refrigerators, Filterers, &c. of which there are upward of 300 in successful operation. The price of Refrigerators varies from 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 25, 30, 35 to 40 dollars. My Refrigerators are made without the use of wood, which in all cases, when used, causes provisions to smell and taste, when ice is used in them for culinary purposes. All persons purchasing *Filterers*, should see them tried with foul water before buying, as there are some Filterers made at low prices that will purify water for a short time, and then become foul. My Filterers in all cases are warranted to purify the water for the term of two years, and if used properly, may last from eight to ten years.
He also continues to manufacture his Patent Hoisting Machines, both double and single, of which there are now upward of 400 in operation in the cities of Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, New Orleans, Mobile, &c. &c. and as an evidence of their superiority, he refers to those whom he has sold them for the fact that no accident has ever occurred in the use of them.
He likewise manufactures Fire Proof Iron Chests (without using wood or plank of any kind,) for the safe keeping of books, papers, money, jewellery, silver plate, &c. lined with a composition calculated to resist the greatest degree of heat, with superior Locks, and finished in the best manner.
Always on hand, Fire Proof Doors, Truck Wagons, Vault Grates, Stoves, &c. all manufactured of the best materials and most approved construction.
The public are respectfully invited to call and examine the above articles before purchasing elsewhere. ja 23 1y

BOWEL and Summer Complaints cured by Dr. Jayne's CARMINATIVE BALSAM.—Darlington, Beaver Co. Feb. 1839.—Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir—My little son, when about two months old, was seized with a bowel complaint, caused as I supposed by a change of diet—it continued for two weeks without intermission, and notwithstanding the remedies prescribed by a respectable physician, we gave up the child a victim, as we supposed, to a fatal disease. But I providentially heard of "JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE," as an effectual cure for bowel complaint, and immediately despatched a messenger to a town seventeen miles off for a bottle. By the use of this medicine, in less than thirty six hours the disease was checked; and by its continued use for a few days the child was restored to perfect health. Shortly after this, there occurred a similar case in one of the families of my congregation. I prescribed "JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE," and the result was a speedy cure. From a knowledge of the efficacy of Dr. Jayne's medicines, I advise every family to keep it on hand, ready for any emergency. Respectfully yours, ARTHUR B. BRADFORD,
Pastor of Presbyterian Church, Darlington, Pa. aug 14-3m
Prepared by Dr. JAYNE, 20 south THIRD st. Philadelphia.

BALDNESS and loss of Hair is caused by a want of healthy action in the vessels which throw off the perspiration from the head. When these vessels are weak or diseased the perspiration is thick and clammy, and adheres to the mouths of the pores and clogs them up, and dries and forms scurf and dandruff. Less blood is then carried to the roots of the hair, and for want of which the hair has not sufficient nourishment, and consequently becomes dry and harsh, and begins incessantly to fall off, which continuing to increase, eventually produces baldness. Restore the capillary vessels of the head to their former healthy circulation, and a fine silky soft hair will make its appearance, which will continue to increase in quantity and volume until the hair becomes thick and healthy.
Jayne's Hair Tonic is the only preparation that has ever been known to produce NEW HAIR on BALD HEADS, which it has done in innumerable instances, and will seldom fail if properly and perseveringly used.
Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 south Third street, Philadelphia. aug 14 3m

STAMMERING CURED,
AND INSTRUCTION GIVEN IN ELOCUTION.
DR. COMSTOCK'S Vocal Gymnasium is open from the first of September till the last of June—July and August being vacation months. All desirous of instruction, either for the cure of *Stammering, Lisping* or *Defective Articulation*, or for improvement in *Elocution*, may learn the conditions of
ANDREW COMSTOCK, M. D.
No. 100 Mulberry (Arch) street, Philadelphia.
☞ Dr. Comstock's *Remarks on Stammering*, certificates of cures, and the numerous recommendations which he has obtained of his *System of Vocal Gymnastics*, are appended to his Circular, which shall be sent to any one who may wish to learn more upon the subject of his institution. Satisfactory references will be given in the principal cities throughout the Union. july 10-3m*

SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK MANUFACTORY, South West corner of Fifth and Cherry streets. The subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the silversmith business or manufactured to order in the neatest and best manner, or to match any pattern given, at the lowest manufactured prices.
Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.
☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware, of their own importing, kept constantly on hand, and made expressly to their order.
R. & W. WILSON.
nov 1 '39—tf

JOSEPH SWARTZ'S Carpet Manufactory, No. 319 North Third street, next door to the Commissioners Hall, Philadelphia. Where fashionable CARPETS are wove of different patterns, in the handsomest style. Also Ingrain and Venetian Carpets of different patterns of ready made Carpets, which he will sell, wholesale and retail, at the most reasonable prices. These carpets can be recommended to all parts of the United States.
N. B.—The advertiser has received a Silver Medal from the Franklin Institute, for Manufacturing Carpeting of superior quality. 17-1y

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Wanted, a Husband.

I'm sorry to say I'm a sudden forlorn,
Betrayed, deceived, rejected with scorn;
So very unhappy and strange is my tale,
That fitly to tell it words almost fail.
With a loving heart I looked around
For an object wherewith my love to bound;
But so charmingly sweet were my suitors all,
I knew not on which my choice should fall.
This cruel distress it plagued me sore,
I wither'd and wasted more and more;
When, lo! the *Court Journal* eased my pain,
And my heart was attuned to hope again.
In its columns so neat I saw appear,
"*Wanted, a wife!*"—oh, dear! oh, dear!
"She must be all a man could wish
In mind and person, and healthyish;
With tastes domestic, and well-inclined
Her husband and children her bliss to find.
The advertiser is tall and dark,
And, most especially, begs to remark,
That romantic notions suggest this mode—
No thoughts of the ready his soul corrode."
Oh, here was a most delectable plan
By which to study the problem Man;
To learn his thoughts untouch'd by his eyes—
For how can a tender heart be wise?
* * * * * * * * *
The youth persevered—thought his letter miscarried—
On the heels of the first a second scarce tarried.
Thus on we proceeded, until I bethought
This swain to some test should severely be brought.
A *portionless maiden*, I gave myself out,—
Aged just *thirty-three!*—the change brought about!
He "regretted extremely that lengthen'd delay
Caused other arrangements to come into play."
He consented so far with my wish to comply,
(Not caring so vital a boon to deny,)
To confess that his fortune and family, great,
Might safely compare with the first in the state;
Then fearful these words should o'erwhelm me with grief
At all I had lost, he begged my belief
That pressure of time alone made him laconic."
Et cetera, et cetera,—all vastly platonic!
A tone patronizing,—his club in Pall-Mall,—
His seat in the country and Raggett's hotel.
And now having all my sad story related,
I'll try once again—for I've long enough waited.
I've a *thousand per annum* (!!) well placed in the funds,—
My family's noble,—I've excellent lungs;
Of summers I've number'd but twenty-and-one;
In temper I'm grave, though I don't dislike fun;
In person I'm tall; and in manner refined.
"*Wanted, a husband with plenty of mind.*"
Let those who this precious commodity own,
And fancy with me happy days might be known,
Inquire at the *Court Journal Office*, and there
Shall all be explained that is needful to hear.
This mode may appear a proceeding peculiar,
Save to those who can feel for the sorrows of JULIA.

Melody of a Language.

Persons who have an ear for sounds have only to listen to a language they do not understand, to be aware of its vocal beauties and defects. The northern tongues are less pleasing than those of a milder clime. The severity of the regions in which they are spoken keeps the mouth constantly closed, and the act of speaking is principally performed in the throat. Such guttural and displeasing effects belong not to Greece and Italy. Had we resorted to these countries for their living tones, instead of the dead artificial terminations of the Latins, we should not only have enriched our language with facilities of expression, but have added to its vocal beauty. Who can have listened to this humdrum tongue, without noticing the mouth-closing *M* at the end of the words, driving the sound through the nose; or the mean and sibilating *us*, attached to the name of their statesmen and generals! These terminations were never uttered by the people. We hear them called by the Italians, at this day, Marco and Antonio; the same bold and heroic appellations, doubtless, which the Romans gave them.

The force of a language will depend upon such words as instantly raise the ideas in the mind, and its beauty upon their movement and succession. The first produces the picture, the second the coloring; yet we often derive more pleasure, and are more sensibly moved by the *tone of voice* than by any meaning we attach to the words. Madame de Stael had all her life a sort of organic delight in the melody of certain verses, altogether abstracted from any consideration of their sense. She recited them often with great pomp and emphasis, and said, "That is what I call poetry! it is delicious! and so much the more, that it does not convey a single idea to me." These effects are purely musical; and the pleasure we derive is similar to that of a strain of music upon the ear.

Ancient Mode of Settling Disputes.

Our fathers had a short and plain mode of doing things unencumbered with the many forms and tedious processes that now hang round them. The following verdict of a jury, which sat in determination upon a case in '96, shows that they had a quick mode of settling matters of litigation, and gave no encouragement to "the law's delay." It is a curiosity in its way, and shows how careful the jury were to render justice to all parties, carrying out their stern notions of right even to the lawyers, whom they very properly made no provision for, thinking very properly that the latter had taken care to provide for themselves, as they seldom fail to do. Here is the decision. It is easily perceived that it was made before temperance societies came into fashion.

"We the Subscribers Appointed Jointly to Audit And Settle a Certain Controversy by And between Mr. Samuel Pirtoras And Mr. Joseph Boggs, And having Maturely Considered the business Confided to our Judgment, do Unanimously Award, Order And decree, that Mr Pirtoras be at the expense of An Oyster Supper And Trimmings for Mr. Boggs, And that Each of the Gentlemen Above Named Treat the Jury with One Glass of Brandy and Water.

Signed on behalf Of the Jury
JOHN TICE, Foreman.
23 Feb. '96."

Tight.

In the good old blue-law times in Connecticut the girls were in the habit of tying their hair so tight on the back of their heads, that it entirely prevented them from shutting their eyes or mouths, even if they ever felt inclined so to do. The consequence was, that their lovers were compelled to untie the string before they could kiss them.

TIGHTER.—We were informed last summer in Philadelphia, that some of the ladies in that city were in the habit of hooking their frocks so tight behind, that they were obliged to loosen them before they could sneeze.

TIGHTEST.—A Boston paper mentions an instance of a dandy there who strapped his pantaloons down over his boots so tight that when he raised his foot to step he could not get it down again, but was obliged to stand on one leg like a goose, until the strap was taken off.

Origin of the Word Lady.

In an old work, of the date of 1762, is the following account of the origin of the term Lady. We much fear that if this rule regulated the appellation at this day, very many of our Ladies would be compelled, however reluctantly, to resign the title:

"As I have studied more what appertains to the ladies than the gentlemen, I will satisfy you how it came to pass that women of fortune were called *ladies*, even before their husbands had any title, to convey that mark of distinction to them. You must know, that heretofore it was the fashion for a lady of affluence, once a week or oftener, to distribute a certain quantity of bread to her poor neighbors, *with her own hands*, and she was called by them the *Leff-day* i. e. the *bread giver*. These two words were in time corrupted, and the meaning is now as little known as the practice which gave rise to it."

Death.

The first conviction that there is death in the house, is, perhaps, the most awful moment of youth. When we are young, we think that not only ourselves, but that all about us, are immortal. Until the arrow has struck a victim round our own hearth, death is merely an unmeaning word; until then, its casual mention has stamped no idea upon our brain. There are few even among those least susceptible of thought and emotion, in whose hearts and minds the first death in the family does not act as a very powerful revelation of the mysteries of life, and of their own being; there are few who, after such a catastrophe, do not look upon the world's ways, at least for a time, with changed and tempered feelings. It recalls the past, it makes us ponder over the future; and youth, gay and light-hearted youth, is taught, for the first time, to regret and to fear.

ROMAN BLOOD.—A noble Roman family still boasts the name of, and claims to descend from, Sallust! When the late Emperor of Austria visited Rome, the head of that illustrious house being presented to him, the following dialogue took place between the modern Cæsar and the modern Sallust: "They say you are descended from Sallust,—is it true?" "They have been saying so for now nearly nineteen centuries, Sire, and it is time to begin to believe it!"

A CHOICE BOY.—"Come, Simon, get up my good boy; it's after sun-rise."

"What ob dat, Massa!—what if it be sun-yise? Spose if sun yise two hours 'fore day, poor Simon must git up, 'cause sun-yise, eh!—don't come dat game o'er dis nigger, no how."

CHARACTER.—"My character is well known," said a young Irishman arraigned before the Mayor at the Police Office, the other morning. "I know it is," rejoined his Honor, "I see it in three or four places here on my docket." The Hibernian was silent.

PATENTS.—Connecticut is the land where the patent fever rages. They say that a young man of three and twenty, who has not got more than one patent for sale, is no great shakes.

American Monthlies.

From the Southern Literary Messenger, for August.

Wyoming Valley.

THE SUSQUEHANNAH—INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL—THE LOST TRAVELLER—THE CAPTIVE MAID.

BY ERASTUS BROOKS.

The American tourist, fond of the beautiful in scenery, the wonderful in creation, and the interesting in history, may find enough to gratify his eyes, and occupy his attention for the brief life allotted to him, without crossing the Atlantic in search of marvels of beauty, skill, or romance. More is known of the antiquity of the old world than of the new, and yet our countrymen seek to know more of other lands than of their own. We seek out new lands with an earnestness bordering upon enthusiasm, forgetting that if books have not guided the footsteps of the American traveller to the new and beautiful in our midst, that they are still here. We are not sure that more of our countrymen, who travel for pleasure merely, have not seen the classic vale of Thessaly than the far more extended and much more beautiful valley of Wyoming. Our poets look to the Thracian bards and Thracian land for the fathers of Poetry and the home of poets. A little tract of land in Greece lives forever in the memory of the people, preserving its locality and its history, because the tomb of Orpheus is there, and minstrels of every age and clime choose to render homage at the tomb of the saint. The country of Boetia, enclosed by the familiar mountains of Helicon, Parnassus, and Citheron, with a history not unlike that of the valley of blood and beauty in the heart of Pennsylvania, is oftener visited by us, than a spot within our almost daily reach, far more pleasing to the eye, and every way more interesting to be remembered. Why,—we speak to our poets,—should Helicon be sacred to Apollo, and not the mountains that stretch all along our land? The grove of the muses is at the summit of Mount Helicon, and the fountain sacred to the muses flows at its base, and there were they placed, because of the purity of the mountain air, the fertility of the valley beneath, the plenty of its waters, and the abundance of its shades. Poets, too, have peopled Parnassus with deities, and given them waters from the Castalian fount, oracular priests to be consulted, spirits to be refreshed, caverns for nymphs to dwell in. And why should not story and song,—we need no more romance,—for we have history without it,—bring to life and remembrance things dead or forgotten among us. Enclosed on all sides like the Boetian country is the vale of Wyoming. The Valley itself, as you look down upon it from the elevations on either side of the majestic and graceful Susquehannah, which flows through its centre, realizes the description of that river large, "Southward through which Eden went," watering the garden with many a rill. I was at Wyoming upon a Sabbath day in the present month of June. A Sabbath day stillness reigned in the Valley. A quiet tranquillity rested upon the face of the earth, and stillness upon the waters. There was beauty every where for the stranger's eye. I stand upon the slope of the hill, and sat upon the borders of the river, and truly was each place "a happy rural seat of various view." Boon nature

"Pour'd forth profuse on hill and dale and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrown'd the noontide bowers."

her flowers, and groves, and trees, and fruits, and every thing beautiful to the sense of sight or smell.

In the few journeyings I have taken through my own land, the Valley of Wyoming, all things considered, is the most attractive spot I have visited. Of scenery there is every conceivable variety, from the rugged mountain and lofty forest, still inhabited by the wolf and the deer and the bear, to the peaceful valley which sleeps below, seemingly like the dead to know no waking here, or like the noble stream that flows onward, waking, it would seem, at the dawn of creation, to rest no more until chaos comes again in the destruction of the world. There is mountain and river, valley and hill-side, and all is hallowed ground. The red man and the white man have here fought foot to foot, and men of one form and faith and baptism have been armed, the one against the other, in civil and deadly strife.

The valley is indeed a great sepulchre—a grave-yard watered with tears, and sprinkled with blood. The bones of some of the victims there sacrificed are yet seen, gathered up by the surviving children, and exhibited as the precious relics of a noble parentage. Of the history of Wyoming volumes have been, and may yet be written, of interest to any reader. It was the scene of strife and blood between the settlers of Connecticut and Pennsylvania; it was the hallowed spot of missionary enterprise and devotion; the Moravians and the United Brethren were here engaged in the arduous but pious labor of making known the unknown God, whom the Aborigines of the land ignorantly worshipped. The spirit of Loyalism prevailed here as it prevailed no where else in the Colonies—and with the shouts that often went up for "George the Third," ascended prayers that the British Lion might be brought to cower beneath the young Eagle of the New World. No place suffered so much as Wyoming did before, subsequent, or during the Revolution. The troops which went forth to do service in the struggles for independence were the bravest of the brave; at home, abroad, wherever they were, and they were wherever duty called them, they fell like leaves in October. Romance, or reality, or both, has made Wyoming the spot where Catharine Montour or Queen Esther played the Hecate of the night in a scene bloodier than that wherein "Glamis murdered sleep, and Cawder slept no more."

The sleeping and the dead were often pictures. The eye of childhood, that "feared a painted devil in the savage," found the spear deep-laid in the bosom of a father, and the transfixed arrow which had wounded or killed as dear a friend. The history of Wyoming is indeed a tale of blood, throughout. Incident follows incident, in quick succession. To-day there is a peaceful settlement in a quiet and beautiful valley, shut out by nature from all the world beside,—the earth is made rich in its products by the labor of the Pioneer, who there seeks his new home. To-morrow comes, and when the grain is ready for the sickle, and the reapers begin their harvest, death like a foul and ugly witch, stalks in. The song of the bird is changed for the yell of the savage,—the ploughshare and the pruning hook become again the sword and the spear; the belt of wampum and the calumet of peace, emblems of sworn friendship, have lost their power, and the council now is the council of war. A massacre succeeds, and blood will have blood, with men civilized as with men barbarian.

Thus fell at Wyoming the brave chieftain Teedyuscung, a victim to the white man's treachery; and dearly was his life paid for. Again, you find Wyoming the scene of an insurgent army, with white men acting like demons, and instigated of the devil, it would seem, to destroy all who came within their reach. It is, at another time, the stage for acting the darkest drama of religious fanaticism—at another, the spot where Yankees from Connecticut are found besieging Pennsylvanians, claiming the same soil, and where again Pennsylvanians are seen skirmishing with Yankees, each having their forts, commanders, ammunition, and all that belonged to civil warfare and murder. Many and interesting are the tales of olden time, yet told you by the few survivors who took part in these early struggles. In some instances, particularly in the last great sacrifice of 1778, whole families were cut down. Every man in that terrible carnage rushed with eagerness to the field, but alas! few returned. Widows and orphans were made in scores. The sun that rose upon a large and happy family, sunk to rest with not one left to tell the tale of death. Five sons and sons-in-law there, went into the field buoyant with hope, and not one returned alive. Five brothers and two brothers-in-law obeyed the same summons, and fought like the Spartans at the pass, until all save one were dead. Fiction here can add nothing to truth, for truth reveals a record which almost startles belief. The famous Mohawk Brandt was here, and whether or not a leader in the last and bloodiest engagement, is yet a matter of controversy,—though probably he was not there. Campbell, however, placed him there,—

"—— The foe, the monster Brandt,
With all his howling, desolating band."

I will do no such violence to the good taste and judgment of my readers, as to reject the tale of massacre and love so beautifully told in the "Gertrude of Wyoming." The "Happy Valley" of Rasselas, is a story of fiction, into which Johnson, with his charming power of description, has breathed, as it were, the breath of life. It will live as long as Wyoming lives,—as long as books are read, or the mind exists;—but it is after all a tale of fiction, to be seen only in the mind's eye, while the Valley upon the banks of the Susquehannah, remains to be seen and admired by every passing traveller. There is real beauty there,—that speaking poetry of Nature that puts "tongues in trees," and "sermons in stones," and "books in the running brooks,"—that awakens the latent fire within, and again quenches by its subdued pathos, the spirit that sometimes burns like a consuming flame. The Hesperian fables are here made true, in groves which have

"Betwixt them lawns, or level downs and flocks
Grazing the tender herb
Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap
Where some irriguous valley spreads her store
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn, the rose."

The river is as beautiful as the lake described by Milton, whose murmuring water fell down into the first garden from the slope hills to "the fringed bank, with myrtle crowned." Here, as there,

"The birds their choir apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves."

I have said enough, perhaps, to make Wyoming interesting to the reader, who has forgotten or never looked into its history, or never seen its beauties. It is, as Campbell hath painted it, though he never saw it, "fair Wyoming," and "delightful Wyoming." The poet of another land, in the exercise of a strong imagination, has hardly equalled the reality of this beautiful spot, where once, as he has sung,

"———— beneath its skies
The happy shepherd swains had nought to do,
But feed their flocks on green declivities,
Or skim, perchance, the lake with light canoe,
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
With timbrel, when beneath the forests brown,
Her comely maidens would the dance renew."

When, I ask, by our own poets, may this spot, which should be the home of the American muses, become hallowed and inspired? When next the story of Wyoming is told, and its beauties written in verse, let it be by an American, and not an English poet. It is not exclusive, but it is holy ground; and a countryman cannot but be mortified that it lives in the memory of the people, rather for what the stranger has said than for what has been said or done by those bound to keep its incidents for ever alive. The traveller who may not lisp in numbers, or speak the written language of poetry, but who can feel deep laid in the heart the impressions of beauties to which his tongue refuses utterance, may find here all that is interesting in historical remembrance, or beautiful in charming scenery.

It is but a short week since, looking down upon the river at evening time, I saw before me, and to the life, the scene which the poet of Wyoming had painted,—

"———— the solitary star
Flashed in the darkening firmament of June,
When silence brought the soul-felt hour full soon,
Ineffable, which I may not portray."

Ambitious of no other fame than, as a poor pioneer, to lead the way where others may travel with more honor to themselves and profit to their country, let us go to the Susquehannah, leaving to them the Valley of Wyoming, its story and its beauties, the fair plain and the blue mountains that skirt it on all sides.

The useful is happily blended with the beautiful in the whole Valley of this river. The hills and mountains that tower aloft along the borders of the stream, yield of that rich abundance found beneath, as well as upon, the surface of the soil. The face of nature, too, is not only fair to the eye, but fruitful to the husbandman. To crown all, a dense and luxuriant forest, next to the valley, beautiful to look upon, is scattered here and there, not only all along the banks of the river, but all along the State. The trees of America! A true poet would make nature melody itself in singing to their praise. They tell you of trees in the old world, but what are they? We have more in our forests, than there is in all the world beside us,—east of the Mississippi more than one hundred and fifty indigenous to our soil, and which grow more than thirty feet in height. In England, Wales and Scotland, there is not a score of forest trees, and not forty altogether; while New York and Pennsylvania furnish many—more than half of them ranking as forest trees, including almost every thing that grows in that beautiful country which lies between the Adriatic and the North Sea, with Germany and Switzerland, there, more famed for what is grand and fair in nature than in art. There are not as many native trees there as you may find in a day's ramble between the Delaware and the Susquehannah. The stateliness and beauty of the European oaks have been often written of, but they are as shrubs compared with the oaks in our American forests. Not only have we the greater variety of trees, but nobler trees by far: all from the prettier and more delicate to the more expansive, and every way more noble. Our cypress trees are *sui generis*,—so that, all in all, sweetest of trees, the magnolia,—so the locust, the catalpa, the sassafras; and so the tulip tree "its golden chalice oft triumphantly displays." And there are others, too, which for lack of knowledge I may not name. Not among the ancient Gauls and Britons, even with M'Fingal and Ossian to record the beauty there, would the school of the Druids have been found had our land been known in olden time. The forests here would have been a more fitting place for the Druidical sacrifice, and for imbibing the mysteries of that stern school—the teachers of which shut themselves from the world known, to hold closer communion with the world unknown.

From one of the mountain sides that look down upon that sweet land, which gives beauty to the shore and valley, you may behold a scene like that where the Greek poets placed their forest deities. As I gazed from the traveller's rock there, with a friend or two,—one admiring the scene because "home, sweet home" was there, and another because it realized a bright anticipation, which had grown, as mine had, for years, ever since I had read the Gertrude of Wyoming. I could not but remember of the deities of the forest, which, fable tells us, preside throughout the world over all that is rural in nature. The mountains near the valley, once, it would seem, were haunted, not with mountain nymphs, it is true, but with those tangible ghosts—savage men—so much more to be dreaded than the etheral spirits of the imagination. The Dale and Mead Nymphs might well have peopled the valley below; and the bright and sparkling river, with the trees of every form and hue, from the infant locust in bloom and beauty, to the old oak that stretched its limbs far upward, would have given a congenial home to the nymphs of the water and the trees. The Arcadian God who dwelt upon the top of the mountain, as the Lord of the Forest, leaning upon his pastoral reed, and clothed in the skins of beasts, might have found here a temple not made with hands, for himself and his thousand attendants.

I have before spoken of the bountiful soil of Pennsylvania, in the region of the valley—of her mineral wealth, richer, in coal and iron, than mines of gold or silver, and of the charming scenery of the Valley. I have added a word now in praise of the forests of Pennsylvania, in the vicinity of Wyoming and the Susquehannah river. Wilkesbarre, a village named from two noted politicians, is the centre of all these attractions. It lies in the bosom of the Valley, upon the borders of the river, is a growing village, whose very nature has been changed by the improvements which act sometimes as innovations as well upon quiet nature, as upon refined and quiet society. The contrast of a brief year or two, in and about this village, would be painful to the recluse. Before the mountains were opened, to bring forth the coal imbedded within them, or the forest thinned by a thousand axemen, levelling the trees, and bearing them away to the mills near by, or tumbling them into the river, or the canals dug, which made not only States, but "broad armed ports,"—seeking a market in Baltimore, in Philadelphia, in New York, on the Ohio, and anon on Lake Erie,—the Valley was as quiet a dwelling-place almost as the garden of our first parents.

The quiet there was the peace of nearly the whole half century which succeeded between the settlement of differences between the people of Pennsylvania and the people of Connecticut, who made Wyoming their home. All is business and bustle now, with no hope that Wyoming will be again the "lone valley," or its "Indian hills" the "Wyoming of war and crime."

But, I must leave the valley. They who would see a rich drawing of some of its scenery, and read a tale of the early settlers there,—half fiction, half truth,—a story of plain, homespun life, of strong character,—of startling incident and Indian warfare,—may find it in the story of Mary Derwent, from the pen of one of our most gifted country-women. The "Gertrude of Wyoming," too, will be read with more pleasure than ever, after Wyoming itself is visited, and its real history known.

I left the Valley for Harrisburg, on the canal, which passes through the heart of the State,—running its whole distance along the banks of the Susquehannah, and in no place between town and town, a half mile from the river. The distance is one hundred and twenty miles. The scenery is not so very beautiful,—not equalled, if I may speak my own opinion, by our own beautiful Hudson,—a confession, which as a New Yorker, I never expected to make—never expecting, however, to see river scenery more stupendous or more enchanting, than that between New York and Albany. I speak of beauty only. As a great artery of trade and commerce, there is but one river east of the Father of Waters—our own Hudson.

From the top of the mountains, to the verge of the river, there are trees, and shrubbery, and flowers, and rocks hanging from the peaks above. The river has a serpentine course, and as the canal follows along its banks, in one place,—and it is a fairy spot to look upon five miles below Wilkesbarre,—the water runs into the river and makes part of the great highway to the towns below. In many places the scene appears like the Highlands of the Hudson. To relieve the frequent mountain passes, there are islands and grass-grown fields, and other lands in a high state of cultivation. For miles the river is upon one side of the canal and the high road upon the other, with mountains above you upon the right and an interval of land upon the opposite shore. There are but few settlements even in a half day's journey, and none are needed to give interest to the scenery or interest to the travel. The borders of the river abound in incident as thrilling almost as that of the border wars of Scotland.

The first town of note is Danville,—destined anon to be a great and thriving place, and famed already for its beds of iron, its iron works, and for working iron with its anthracite furnaces. We stopped long enough to look upon some of the sons of Vulcan there,—to peep into its workshops and gather a specimen or two of iron from a vein just opened, purer and richer than any before found, and yielding about seventy per cent,—as plenty too, and as accessible as rocks upon the rock-bound coast of New England.

Some twenty miles below Danville is Northumberland, one of the oldest and most interesting towns of the State. The marks of antiquity are legibly written there upon the works of nature, on the mountain along the river, and much more than legibly upon the grave-yards, the churches, and the dwellings. It is a place worth a day's observation, for its scenery and for its history. The habitation, the church, the grave of Dr. Priestly, are there. I visited them all, and loving as I do the grave-yard inscriptions, which tell so summarily, in a short epitaph, of the brevity and incidents, of life, I sat long enough upon the tomb of the divine, respected and beloved yet by so many of his disciples, to remember the record of the tomb-stone. It is of plain marble, erected

"To the memory of
REV. JOSEPH PRIESTLY,
Who departed this life on the 6th of February, 1804.
Anno Ætatis, LXXI."

Beneath is written a simple, but pious record, which says:

"Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. I will lay me down in peace, and sleep until I awake on the morning of my resurrection."

Beside the husband, in the close affinity of kindred souls, rests the body of the wife, who died in September, 1796. The record there told is that written in the good book, which says:

"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things have passed away."

Priestly, his family and their followers of the same faith, alone, I believe, sleep in the same grave-yard. The dwelling places of the dead seemed as many as the public places of worship. The impression left was rather a painful than a pleasant one. Why must sects and parties, men of differing creeds alive, be walled in, the one from the other, when death has given them but that common receptacle—the grave,—which knows no change till the spirit leaving its dusty element below flees away to the God who gave it, or none but that quicker crumbling of the body to the dust and ashes of earth which comes from the quicker decay of a more destroying disease. Northumberland has this distinction, and it has grown up with the settlement of the town. I looked into two of these grave-yards, and in that one where Priestly was buried found the graves strewed with flowers. The graves of the more aged and young were all bedecked with roses, and their bloom and beauty, life and freshness, spoke a sad contrast to the moss-covered grave-stones and the mouldering remains beneath them.

"The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose,
The sunshine is a glorious birth,
But yet I know where'er I go
That there hath past away a glory from the earth."

The visit here, like that to the fair Valley, well repays the weariness of the traveller. I had now passed along the river, and in contrast to this had seen many a spot where, like Wordsworth's Wanderer, "I saw as I felt," and like the pale recluse, could sing

"———Praise to the sturdy plough
And patient spade, and shepherd's simple crook,
And ponderous loom,—resounding while it holds
Body and mind in one captivity."

But here, not to be sure, fenced round with glittering laurel, but with thick wall and moated gate, were those authentic epitaphs where one

"may learn
To prize the breath we share with human care
And look upon the dust of men with awe."

Not far distant from the village graves is one of the most imposing views, which it seemed to me, the eye of man ever fell upon.

The juncture of the two branches of the Susquehannah is here, and here the clear transparent waters of a hundred miles and more to the West, and many more to the North and East, reflecting the beauty of the heavens and every fair thing of earth, upon their borders, mingle together like harmonizing spirits. The scene is indeed lovely, with the islands, cultivated lands, meadows, mountains and river, the quiet village, the hum of industry, the ingenuity of art and the patience of labor, all in view. With Wordsworth in hand for a guide book, and one would think he had been bodily present,—certainly in the spirit if a *magnetized* will, so true is the likeness given,—you may see that picture for the living so beautifully painted by the poet.

"You behold
High on the breast of a dark mountain,—
With stony barrenness, a shining speck
Bright as a sunbeam sleeping, till a shower
Brush it away, or cloud pass over it."

From this lofty site, you see a picture of life and beauty which long years will hardly efface from the memory. I may not say more of what is beautiful there. A poet and a painter both have put their stamp upon it, and made the impression deep enough to last.

An incident or two of my little journey and I shall have done.

The story of the lost traveller in Texas, told a year or two since, must have left its impression upon the mind of every reader. He was upon the prairies there,—the tall rank grass above his head,—the sight as boundless and beautiful, as the green and rolling ocean. Save the blue sky above him, and the green sward beneath him,—all was vacancy. Nor man, nor beast, not even a bird, or any of the creeping things of earth were there. All was vacancy,—loneliness, the solitude of day,—a solitude that weighs heavier upon the heart of man than the loneliness of night, because the moon and stars to the traveller are as speaking companions, telling in a busy imagination of worlds unknown, until the eyes grow weary with gazing, and drowsiness and slumber give way to solitude. Such a traveller there was, who, wandering far away in pursuit of pleasure, had lost his way. With the sun to guide his footsteps, after a refreshing sleep, he recommenced his journey,—walked patiently and hopefully onward hour upon hour, like the poor prince of the Caravansera we read of, ever in pursuit of happiness, but never grasping it more than the shadow of the reality. No dwelling—no footsteps—for a time appeared. At length, unknown to himself, his journey is ending where it begun. His heavy heart beats lighter as he sees before him the foot-steps of *another* traveller. They, his hopes told him, will lead him from the chambers of his Cretan laybrinth. Reanimated and revived only in the strength of renewed hope, again he moves on, and his guide now unconsciously are his own footsteps, which hours before had led him astray. But eagerly he pursues his way. The circle is again passed, and the journey ends where it before begun. Hope whispers to him for a brief moment that two travellers have pursued the track before him; but the delusion lasts only for a moment, and in some object before observed and near him, he finds that in reality he has pursued something more visionary than even his own shadow.

Upon the banks of the Susquehannah, not far from the two beautiful islands, above the spot where the two branches of the river unite—a story like this is told with every evidence of authenticity. It relates to the early settlement of the country, and to those dark and bloody feuds between the red men, who claimed the land all around as the land of their fathers, and theirs by inheritance, and who regarded every pale face who came there as an intruder. No man then moved from home under cover of the night, or during the hours of the day, unless armed to the teeth with his instruments of death. The Indian went forth with the bended bow and belt and quiver full of barbed arrows. The stone hatchet and the gun, too, were his constant and his speaking companions. It was in one of those times when the Six Nations and the Delawares were at war with the whites, and one another, that a man and his wife, in the twilight of an Autumn evening, set off upon an evening journey to their home upon the banks of the river, some few miles distant. Night and captivity overtook them. The Indian hunters of the forest, like blood-hounds, had snuffed their prey in the breeze, and as night spread out her dark curtains, the pursuit was eager; wife and husband were soon stopped in their homeward journey, thrown from their horses, and as prisoners, borne away to the Indian encampment. The husband was bound hand and foot, the wife was suffered to be led to the night lodge without pinions. The night brought repose to her captors, but none to her. Her husband was afar off—murdered perhaps—and she alone in the hand of savage men. But the spirit of a woman was with her, and home was before her. Noiselessly, she left the camp, and fled upon the wings of the wind. It was night time, and darkness reigned around her. What of strength she had she exerted to the uttermost. That mysterious Providence which "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and watches even the sparrow that falls to the ground, was a wall of fire round about her. The timid spirit of the lamb that better becomes the woman than the courage of the lion, had taken possession of her, body and soul, it would seem—for after nearly a whole night of wandering, and her home not many miles off, she too, unconsciously had returned, and ere morning dawned within a *half a mile* of the lair of the lion from which she had escaped. "Tired nature" could endure no more; and in that "sweet restorer, balmy sleep," danger and fatigue were forgotten. Morning came; and day, almost before the forgetfulness of sleep, was changed to the painful remembrance of the scenes of the past night. The Indians now, as before, had left their night's encampment; but during the night had not left their couch in pursuit of their prisoner; and if they had, hours of wandering would have brought them, like the poor traveller, in the distant prairie, back to the trees, the branches of which had made their own night habitation. The woman slept, but slept as upon a precipice, to partake, however, of that greater enjoyment which comes from the hair-breadth escape rather than from the lighter difficulty more easily overcome. We value our blessings by their cost.

This story is no fiction; such escapes were common in the early settlements of the country. I will relate one another, familiar perhaps to the reader, and then have done. The heart of Wyoming Valley was the scene of the event.

The family was that of the Slocumbs—a name identified with the Valley in its earlier and severer sufferings. Briefly told, it was during the early part of the revolutionary war—just upon the eve of it—a mid-day in Autumn, that a party of Delawares, who long had wandered about the Valley like wolves upon the watch for plunder, rushed upon the dwelling of a peaceable Quaker family living in the Valley. A mother and four children were the inmates, and not far off was a young man grinding his knife and quietly pursuing the labors of the day. A yell was heard like the scream of death, and death and its summons came together. Quick as the beating of a pulse the young man was summoned to the world of spirits. The mother flew to the wood near by,—observing all, but seen of none. Her little daughter Frances, but five years old, the youngest of her female children, secreted herself behind the staircase of the now deserted dwelling. While her little heart beat quicker in an agony of feeling, she was hunted from her hiding-place, taken from the dwelling, and in the presence of her mother, not far distant, placed in the midst of the savage crew, as their young captive. The sight was too much for a mother, and rushing from her hiding-place she fell upon her knees, and with maternal eloquence plead for the relief of her offspring. It was the appeal of the lamb to the wolf, and tears were less impressive there, where the fire and flint do their work, than water gushing from the rock. Their hearts were flint, and in the presence of her mother Frances was borne away. And more than a half century since, the mother and family, a sister and two brothers, were left, but the Valley was a waste place and a wilderness without her, who, in the first budding of childhood had been taken as a young bird upon the wing, snatched in mid air and entombed in the nest of a stern and craven foe. The mother for years, like Rachel, mourning for her children, refusing to be comforted, because they were not. The beautiful Valley often smiled and was glad in the sunshine of peace and plenty. The sword was sheathed, the arrows were in the quivers, and war was no more known,—but the heart of the mother,—and what heart is like a mother's,—always young and fresh even in a green old age,—was weighed down in sorrow. The days of her years were numbered, and when like the good pilgrim, she had one by one called her children around her, and bid them the farewell of death, and given the mother's benediction, the lost child was the only vision that dimmed the bright view between heaven and earth. Her dying injunction was to seek out the long lost wanderer; and true to it, the brothers never rested from their labors until lake and river, forest and hill-side, mountain and valley,—every nook and corner, indeed, from the far-off Canadas, and the wild west, to the sylvan spot upon the Susquehannah, whence she had been stolen, were searched. She yet lived, but was dead in that loved remembrance of blood and friendship which never die.

Accident—Providence I should say—brought the lost sister to the memory of her loved and loving brothers, but not until a separation of more than threescore years. She was found in 1835 by a traveller, and to him told for the first time the story of her captivity and subsequent trials, of the sufferings of sixty winters and summers, of her resting-place in a mountain cave upon the night of her captivity, and in view of the parental dwelling; of the impression which that night had made upon her heart; how her captors became her benefactors; of the life she had led; of her connection with the Miamis of the West; of her husband, a chief in the tribe; of children born who had gone to the grave and of the few moons more, when she should join in the world above, the cherished offspring who had preceded her in the common journey which first goes down to the grave. Two years more passed away before the destined meeting of the Indian wife and mother. They met but four years since at the Miami lodge, in the Deaf Man's Village, nine miles from Peru, in the State of Indiana. It was the home of the captive girl of Wyoming. But oh! what "a change had come o'er the spirit of her dreams."

Frances, the young, the beautiful, the timid, and favorite child of sixty years since, had become, though of the same blood, almost the enemy of the pale-faces. Her ears had been poisoned with prejudice, and her eyes had seen something of the cruelty and avarice and falsehood of men who called themselves Christians. The two brothers, and the elder sister who had made her escape, were all gratitude, enthusiasm, hope and love in their fraternal meeting, but the cold stoicism of the Indian race had grown up with the woman captive. Marble might have wept at such a meeting, for remembrance and recognition with all were perfect,—but there were no tears with her who had been so long sought for as the lost child of the Valley.

Petitions were put up that the sister would return to the home of her childhood, but the appeal has been vain. Once and twice, too, she has been visited in her lodge, and every inducement has been offered, which might lead the sister to change her home and habits of life; but her resolution is fixed as firm as fate; and the Frances Slocumb,—with a story, the fact of which, in its thrilling incident, might fill a volume,—yet lives at the Deaf Man's Village,—ignorant of her own native language, and remembering only that of the Miamis and her captors, who had stolen her from her father's house. Her daughters, two of whom yet live, are the pride and princesses of the lodge,—thoroughly imbued with the characteristics of the Indian race, and dead, like the mother, to all the world beside. I close,—begging pardon of the reader, too, whose patience must have been tired, in seeing so long a yarn spun out in a hot day of June.

New York City, June 1841.

From the Knickerbocker, for August.

Lines to a Lady.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Lady—I love, at eventide,
When stars, as now, are on the wave,
To stray in loneliness, and muse
Upon the one dear form that gave
Its sunlight to my boyhood: oft
That same sweet look sinks still and soft
Upon my spirit, and appears
As lovely as in by-gone years.

Eve's low, faint wind is breathing now,
With deep and soul-like murmuring,
Through the far pines—and thy sweet words
Seem borne on its mysterious wing;
And oft, mid musings sad and lone,
At night's deep noon, that thrilling tone
Swells in the wind, low, wild, and clear,
Like music in the dreaming ear.

When Sleep's calm wing is on my brow,
And dreams of peace my spirit lull,
Before me, like a misty star,
That form floats dim and beautiful;
And when the holy moonbeam smiles
On the blue streams and crimson isles,
In every gush poured down the sky
That same light form seems stealing by.

It is a blessed picture, shrined
In memory's urn; the wing of years
Can change it not, for there it glows
Undimmed by "weaknesses and tears;"
Deep-hidden in its still recess,
It beams with love and holiness
O'er hours of being, dark and dull,
Till life seems almost beautiful.

The vision cannot fade away—
'Tis in the stillness of my heart;
And o'er its brightness I have mused
In solitude: it is a part
Of my existence; a dear flower
Breathed on by Heaven. Morn's earliest hour
That flower bedews, and its blue eye
At eve still rests upon the sky.

Lady—like thine, my visions cling
To the dear shrine of buried years;
The past, the past! it is too bright,
Too deeply beautiful, for tears.
We have been blest: though life is made
A tear, a silence, and a shade,
And years have left the vacant breast
To loneliness—we have been blest!

Those still, those soft, those summer eves,
When by our favorite stream we stood,
And watched our mingling shadows there
Soft-pictured in the deep blue flood,
Seemed one enchantment. Oh! we felt
As there at Love's pure shrine we knelt,
That life was sweet, and all its hours
A glorious dream of Love and flowers.

And still 'tis sweet. Our hopes went by
Like sounds upon the unbroken sea;
Yet memory wins the spirit back
To deep, undying melody;
And still around her early shrine
Fresh flowers their dewy chaplets twine;
Young Love his brightest garland wreathes
And Eden's richest incense breathes.

Our hopes are flown—yet parted hours
Still in the depths of memory lie,
Like night-gems in the silent blue
Of Summer's deep and brilliant sky;
And Love's bright flashes seem again
To fall upon the glowing chain
Of our existence. Can it be
That all is but a mockery?

Lady, adieu!—to other climes
I go from joy, and hope, and thee;
A weed on time's dark waters thrown,
A wreck on life's wild-heaving sea;
I go, but oh, the past! the past!
Its spell is o'er my being cast—
And still to Love's remembered eves,
With all but hope, my spirit cleaves.

Adieu—adieu! My farewell words
Are on my lyre, and their wild flow
Is faintly dying on the chords,
Broken and toneless. Be it so!
Thy name—oh it may never swell
My strain again—yet long 'twill dwell
Shrined in my heart—unbreathed, unspoken—
A treasured word—a cherished token.

From the Knickerbocker, for August.

The Country Doctor.

If the mere familiarity with scenes of diseases and wretchedness be sufficient to blunt the sensibilities, then must the hearts of men in our profession be like so many nether mill-stones; indurated, without life, and never throbbing at the calls of humanity. So far from this being the case, I believe it to be quite the contrary; for if the liberal man by following the dictates of his heart becomes confirmed in an habitual benevolence, and a delight in deeds of charity, it is improbable that he whose whole business and duty it is to alleviate bodily pains and suffering, should become gradually obdurate and insensible. This is scarcely according to the analogy of things. One may seem to be that which he is not; and it is in general true that those of the acutest feelings are the most averse to showing them, but keep them rigorously down, and never suffer so much as a tear to bear witness to the warmest of sympathies. For such conduct in the medical man there is the most cogent reason and necessity. He can scarce subscribe to the precept, to "weep with those who weep." In the darkened chamber whose Solicitude walks upon tip-toe, and the gaunt form of death stands near, unwilling to be deprived of his victim, a calm judgment and a tearless eye must keep watch over the destiny which may be trembling at its exact crisis, and which the slightest wavering, a look, a token, an unguarded word, may decide forever. Hence the physician, whatever be his natural ardor, learns early to place a check upon himself; rarely yielding to impulse, and gazing on death itself apparent indifference. But whoever will consult the annals of the medical profession, will find among it some of the most perfect models of all that is kindly and humane; nor will I admit that the practice of so noble an art tends to harden the heart; at least, I speak according to the multiform experience, and from the unsophisticated mind of a Country Doctor.

In the course of many years of unremitting devotion, it has been my lot to witness some scenes of a melancholy nature, as may appear from these memoirs. The following incidents, may perhaps be deemed worthy of record; and I will insert them in this place, as I find them mentioned in the copy of a letter to a friend.

"The summer has set in gloriously, and nature is full of charms for her votaries. How still and sacred is this retirement! Nothing but the temple-music of groves, and the murmuring of brooks, and the distant roar of the sea. I participate daily in that kind of feeling expressed by Pliny, in one of his letters written from his agreeable retreat: '*O mare! O littus! verum et secretum ——— quam multa invenitis, quam multa dictatis!*' But alas! whither can we go to escape the melancholy casualties of life? Not long since an interesting family came here for the purpose of residing during the summer. It consisted of four children with their parents, the eldest scarce having attained the age of fourteen years, all musicians of distinguished ability, performing skilfully on various instruments, and masters of the harp. It was impossible to hear them without admitting that they possessed great talents, early developed, assiduously cultivated, and brought to a rare perfection for such a tender age. Wherever they had been, they were upheld by their own merits, eliciting the praises and astonishment of all the lovers of art. Few could ever hear them perform together, and forget the strains told with such true feeling and expression, that they irresistibly affected the heart.

But what shone pre-eminent in these children, even above the rare possession of musical skill, was an innocence and amiability of character, which gained the affections of all to whom they were known. With them music was a passion, a heaven-born gift, loved for its own sake, and cultivated among themselves emulously, yet without envy. For they possessed different degrees of talent, though all highly endowed by nature; but unlike musicians of a riper age, they suffered no evil passions or root of bitterness to spring from the practice of their sweet art. In appearance they were interesting. They had soft, blue eyes, light hair, yet soft and flowing, fair complexions, and a speaking intelligence of face. It is not wonderful that they were harpists; they came from the mountains of WALES.

Not many days since, these happy children went out to take recreation in the fields. At some distance from this, is a beautiful deep lake, embosomed in hills, and surrounded on all sides by charming scenery. It is a spot where those who love nature in her most pleasing variety might be contented to pass their lives. The day had been somewhat warm and sultry—in other respects beautiful. Scarcely a ripple was on the lake. The willow trees with their pendent limbs drooped motionless in its tide, which imaged every leaf and blossom, with every fleecy speck upon the sky above; and the sky itself was as serenely pure as if it were the resemblance of some higher heaven. It was a holiday among children, and many of them, happy-faced and innocent, were gathering wild-fruits and flowers, or disporting under the old trees which overshadowed the turf on the hill-side down to the very margin of the wave. As the wild-roses in the water, so the children's laughter was clearly reflected from the hills, calling to mind the poet's beautiful thought, *vocis imago*.

The young minstrels, roving about unconstrained, and seeing a small boat moored, took possession, and launched out, making music to the sound of the oars. At first they kept near the shores, visiting each cool recess and grotto formed by the impending banks; afterward spreading sail to catch the faint breeze, they venturously bore away into the middle of the lake. Very suddenly, while all parties enjoyed themselves, a change came over the scene. Black and surcharged clouds drifted rapidly overhead, and at last from horizon to horizon filled up all the firmament. The light of the sun was nearly eclipsed, and solemn darkness, like that of night, heralded a great storm. The little children in the groves, unable to reach a distant shelter, crouched tremblingly down, as if to court protection, under the giant trunks of the old oaks. They huddled close together, whispering to each other, scarcely daring to speak aloud from a sense of awe. All things were still and expectant. The buzzing of insects was no more heard. The birds ceased singing in the branches or in mid-air, and rested silently on their nests. The surface of the lake seemed like molten lead, reflecting only dead images. The pause continued a little time, and a few big, plashing drops were shaken from the skirts of the clouds. Then a wind-storm arose, so violent that it seemed the bursting of a tornado. The mountain pines rocked to their very base, the trees groaned and creaked, and their high tops were bent and twisted, like the slender and elastic sapling which defies the storm.

The air was full of leaves, already become sere and yellow, and blossoms and the petals of flowers, and every volatile thing which floats on the breeze. Multitudes of dry and crisped leaves, the remnants of last year's glory, were bore eddying high in air, and away. Whenever the wind lulled, the muttering of thunder was heard, and the sound of distant, steadily-advancing rain. Oh! how glorious are the storms which summer heats engender, and darkness in the day-time, which makes the soul feel solemn; when the setting sun in ghastly contrast shineth yet from the windows of his palled chambers, and cannot scatter the surrounding gloom. God draweth near in his pavilion of darkness, not less than in his resplendent light. Oh! it is glorious to watch the clouds rolled as by unseen spirits into airy battlements, and the light flash, and to hear heaven's grand artillery; to follow the viewless and mysterious winds in their pathway of destruction; to revel and exult in the war of elements, to trust in God and feel a sense of safety!

I was passing along the high hill-top, and saw the storm advancing. I looked down over the agitated surface of the lake on the little sail-boat afar from the shore, and trembled for it. In another direction my eye roamed over the expansive prospect to where the dark horizon was bounded by the distant sea. The horses were galloping affrighted over their pasture-grounds, and every living thing sought shelter. I saw the trees of the plain with their heads bowed, and the wheat crops with long, silvery stems bent down, and the immense corn-fields, agitated and beaten down to the ground. Presently it commenced to rain violently, with thunder and sharp lightening, which seemed almost overheard. The skies were lighted by a sudden and fantastic brilliance, revealing fiery chasms and zig-zag fissures of the black clouds, and serpentine forms writhing in the electric air. Thus while I stood still or moved slowly on, uncertain what to do, whether to seek the dangerous covert of the woods, or stand the violence of the rain, which already gorged every rill, and branched off in many torrents to the lake, a ghastly flash coming at the same instant with a stunning report leaped down from the skies in the tops of the very trees where the little children had fled for safety.

I marked the bolt where it fell, and waited a moment in suspense; and presently I saw the bands of children rush out of the grove, flying distracted down the mountain-side, screaming, and stretching out their hands for aid. I sprung from the vehicle, left the miserable beast unable to make headway in the place where he stood, and ran breathless to the spot. It was on an opposite cone or eminence of the ridge of hills, arrived at by crossing a little valley. Dashing through the pools of water which had there collected, and the wet grass and bushes, and beckoning back the scared fugitives, I arrived in full time to contemplate the ruin which had been done. The lightning had smitten and shivered a gnarled oak to its very base, and struck the queen-child. She lay dead on the grass, crowned with flowers, and with flowery trophies scattered all around. I raised her up. Her beautiful eyes were closed forever, and her red lips were never more to give birth to merry laughter. Her companions had woven for her a rosy diadem which she was to continue to wear in the grave. God had smitten her, not in vengeance but in compassion, and she was blasted like a tender flower, before the canker worms of grief or guilt could prey upon her heart, and having lived a short time on earth, she was transferred at once to a better clime, forever there to bloom in youth and beauty.

This is not all the sad scene; nor let it be supposed that I am dealing wholly in the creations of romance. A gust coming down the mountain-side upset the frail boat, and the young minstrels struggled in the waves. Three clung to the keel; the other, who was the eldest born, sank down apart. Thrice he rose up, and on the last time, as he might have directed toward his younger brothers a look for aid, one of them was enabled to seize an oar and shoot it toward him with a direct and steady aim over the waves. It passed by him, he touched it lightly with his fingers, it moved away, and he sank down and disappeared. The other brothers were rescued from the waves.

An hour passed away and the storm abated, and then the body of the young minstrel after a short search was drawn up on the shores of the lake. I saw him stretched on the green grass, in his tunic and morocco girdle, with all his gold and silver medals which he bore about him, the trophies of many triumphs in his art. And just then, the sun, as if in mockery, shone out again gloriously over all the landscape, on the glossy leaves, and on the big, brilliant drops which glistened like gems on the grass and foliage; and the clouds rolled away, and all the elements were calmed. There were his young brothers, scarce recovered from their exhaustion, weeping about him, and a gazing crowd looking on and scarcely appreciating the grief of their young hearts. For the sweetest harp among them had been silenced, even while its echoes still lingered, and they could literally hang their own upon the willows which overshadowed the lake where their brother had died. I am certain that it will be many months ere those gifted children can again make melody in their hearts, or on their strings, and when those harps are once more strung, like that of ISRAFEL, they shall tell a tale of "more prevailing sadness." It must be a mournful dirge, commencing with the moaning of winds, and the noise of thunder, and the flash of lightning, and the fall of rain, during which a little barque may be fancied on a troubled lake, and the listeners may be constrained to shed tears. And they must go home and rehearse it to their native mountains, which will mournfully prolong the echoes, that the young bard has perished:

Ye nightingales that mourn amid thick leaves,
Tell the Sicilian streams of Arethuse
That Bion the young herdsman is no more,
And with him the sweet Doric muse is dead.
MOSCHUS.

I know not whether it be a common superstition among mankind, but am more inclined to think that it is truly founded on observation, that the young whose talents too early expand, cannot live long on the earth. The child of brilliant intellect, the young minstrel, the poet lisping in numbers of unearthly sweetness, how seldom do they survive to redeem the promise of their childhood, and the hopes of those who tremblingly watch them as they approach their prime! The transient journeyings of such can scarcely be measured by days or hours, or by our modes of computing time. They pass through a vivid existence, fulfil their destiny, and then in all their purity are gathered home. Every church-yard is filled with the memorials of these; and methinks that the words of the Greek are true, that "*Whom the gods love die young.*" Often now do I pass by the grave of the young minstrel, and amidst the stillness of the place remember the sweet, obsolete music of his harp, and how his very soul spake out of his passionate eyes when he threw his fingers over the strings. Yet here amidst every influence which is most soothing in nature, here where the brooks murmur, and the birds sing, and the winds scatter the petals of the wild rose over the grassy mound, he has found a fitting sepulchre. And while we lament his young genius so quickly quenched, perhaps he has been taken away from much "evil to come." For in that he died young, he died happily; and it may be safely presumed that the strings which were so skilfully attuned on earth, have been exchanged for a triumphant harp in heaven.

August.

How still the air! The yellow harvest-fields
No breezes bend in smooth and graceful waves,
While with their motion, dim and bright by turns,
The sunshine seems to move; nor e'en a breath
Brushes along the surface with a shade
Fleeting and thin, like that of flying smoke.
O'er all the woods the top-most leaves are still;
Even the wild poplar leaves that, pendent hung
By stems elastic, quiver at a breath,
Rest in the general calm. The thistle-down,
Seen high and thick, by gazing up beside
Some shading object, in a silver shower
Plumb down, and slower than the slowest snow,
Through all the sleepy atmosphere descends;
And where it lights, though on the steepest roof,
Or smallest spire of grass, remains unmoved.
Whiter than wool, a single fleecy cloud
On the soft bosom of the air becalmed,
Drops a lone shadow, gray, distinct and still,
On the bare plain, or sunny mountain's side;
Or polished mirror of the upland lake.

Early Instruction.

Till within a short time the opinion has been almost universal, that but few could be taught to sing; that the talent for music was a peculiar gift of nature, bestowed upon only a few, and they, favored ones, were to have it to themselves. Parents have neglected their children, and unless they took up singing of themselves have decided that, unfortunately, *their* children had no ear for music. The opinion has become so common, that but a small part of our congregations even pretend to sing, or think they can. Nor can they as they now are; but would it have been so if the proper pains had been taken with their childhood? How much pains do parents take to teach their children to speak correctly! Had children no better opportunity to hear speaking, or of being taught to speak, than they have to learn to sing, would any more be able to talk than are now able to sing? I shall not say that every child who can speak might sing; but I believe the exceptions are very rare. Allow me to present a few facts on this point:—

In an orphan asylum in Germany, containing two hundred children, there are only two certainly who have not learned to sing, and that too correctly. These children are probably taught early and have great pains taken with them; whether this be or be not so, this fact has great weight in deciding such a question.

In all the common district schools in Germany, singing and music are taught, and every child is as much expected to read and write and perform music, as to read and write and recite any other lesson. They are all respectable performers, and many of them proficients.

"The reading of musical notation is learned even in the snow-covered huts of Iceland. In passing through the continent of Europe the traveller finds every festival, whether national or religious, graced with music. Serenades from the common people are heard every night in the streets. Music echoes from the shops, the boats, and the harvest fields. Some of the best performances of Mozart's difficult pieces are said to proceed from the privates of Prussian regiments. As a general thing every house in Germany and Switzerland has some musical instrument.

"I once stopped at a German settlement of no great size, where I was invited to hear some music at the house of a mechanic. Here a small company performed, vocally and instrumentally, almost the whole of Haydn's Creation. The master of the house, a blacksmith, more than sixty years of age, took the first violin; his aged wife, in spectacles, gave us a vocal part; the eldest son, a joiner from a neighboring village, sat down at a Leipsic piano, on which, after tuning it, he executed with great skill the whole accompaniment; several young men and women filled the remainder of the score. A boy, five years of age, was pointed out to me as beginning to play on the violin. Upon inquiry I found there was not a house in that town without a piano or some keyed instrument. This evening's entertainment has often occurred to me as illustrating the happy influence of music upon domestic life and social habits. If you would have young people love home induce them to cultivate music. It will beguile many a winter night, which might be otherwise worse than wasted. Few pleasures are cheaper, or more innocent, or more within the home circle. Almost all foreigners are proficients. A few years ago a party of emigrants encamped for the night on a small eminence, about half a mile from my residence. About sunset we were surprised by the most delightful sounds wafted across the valley by those sojourners. It appeared to be their evening hymn, accompanied with horns. The effect was indescribable.—*Rev. J. Todd.*

The Idiot's Occupation.

At other times,—and then their scanty earnings were barely sufficient to furnish them with food, though of the coarsest sort,—he would wander abroad from dawn of day until the twilight deepened into night. Few in that place, even of the children, could be idle, and he had no companions of his own kind. Indeed there were not many who could have kept up with him in his rambles, had there been a legion. But there were a score of vagabond dogs belonging to the neighbors, who served his purpose quite as well. With two or three of these, or sometimes with a full half-dozen barking at his heels, he would sally forth on some long expedition that consumed the day; and though on their return at nightfall, the dogs would come home limping and sore footed, and almost spent with their fatigue, Barnaby was up and off again at sunrise with some new attendants of the same class, with whom he would return in like manner. On all these travels, Grip, in his little basket at his master's back, was a constant member of the party, and when they set off in fine weather and in high spirits, no dog barked louder than the raven.

Their pleasures on these excursions were simple enough. A crust of bread and scrap of meat with water from the brook or spring, sufficed for their repast. Barnaby's enjoyments were, to walk, and run, and leap, till he was tired; then to lie down in the long grass, or by the growing corn, or in the shade of some tall tree, looking upward at the light clouds as they floated over the blue surface of the sky, and listening to the lark as she poured out her brilliant song. There were wild flowers to pluck—the bright red poppy, the gentle harebells, the cowslip, and the rose. There were birds to watch; fish, ants, worms, hares or rabbits, as they darted across the distant pathway in the wood and so were gone; millions of living things to have an interest in, and lie in wait for, and clap hands and shout in memory of, when they had disappeared. In default of these or when they wearied, there was the merry sunlight to hunt out, as it crept in aslant through leaves and boughs of trees, and hid far down—deep, deep, in hollow places—like a silver pool, where nodding branches seemed to bathe and sport; sweet scents of summer air breathing over fields of beans or clover; the perfume of wet leaves or moss; the life of waving trees and shadows always changing. When these or any of them tired, or in excess of pleasing tempted him to shut his eyes, there was slumber in the midst of all these soft delights, with the gentle wind murmuring like music in his ears, and every thing around melting into one delicious dream.

The Mind of Man.

Man is not the creature of circumstances. Circumstances are the creatures of men. We are free agents, and man is more powerful than matter. I recognize no intervening influence between that of the established course of nature and my own mind. Truth may be distorted—may be stifled—be suppressed. The invention of cunning deceits may, and in some instances does, prevent men from exercising his own powers. They have made him responsible to a realm of shadows, and a suitor in a court of shades. He is ever dreading authority which does not exist, and fearing the occurrence of penalties which there are none to enforce. But the mind that dares to extricate itself from these vulgar prejudices—that proves its loyalty to its Creator by devoting all its adoration to His glory—such a spirit as this becomes a master-mind, and that master-mind will invariably find that circumstances are its slaves.

"THE PROUDEST MAN on earth is but a pauper, fed and clothed by the bounty of Heaven."

A NEW VOLUME.
IN SPLENDID STYLE.

July, 1841.

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The great increase in the subscription list of this highly popular Magazine (the edition having more than doubled in less than six months,) induced the proprietor, to commence a new volume, with the July number. It is issued in the most attractive style, with the first of a new series, of

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MUSIC.—"Away then to the Mountains," three pages.

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A Pattern for Others to Follow

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